The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

VOL. 7---NO. 23. SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, FEBRUARY 21, 1852. WHOLE NO. 335.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

Published every Saturday, at Salem, Col. Co., O.

TERMS.—$1,50 per annum if paid in advance.

$1,75 per annum if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.

$2,00 per annum, if payment be delayed beyond six months.

☞We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

☞Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. All others to EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Ag't.

THE BUGLE.

The Pope of Rome.

The Pope of Rome is preparing two stones to be incorporated into the Washington Monument. The National Era says of this, that *it* recalls the memory of those who built tombs to dead prophets; but stoned living ones—their successors. The Pope is not the only one who excites this reminiscence. It has become quite a familiar idea to all who exercise that part of the prophets vocation, which appertains to the showing of the people their sins.

The Era adds, "It were as consistent for the American Government to confer distinguished honor upon the butcher Haynau, as for Pope Pious to build the Monument of George Washington." The force on relevency of this we are unable to comprehend.—We can think of nothing more appropriate, than honors to Haynau conferred by the American Government. It would be vastly more in character than its ovations to Kossuth. And if we judge from its relation to three millions of our inhabitants and its cool civilities to the Magyar, it would be much more agreeable to them to honor the former than the latter.

The Death Penalty.

Governmental killing is again the order of the day. We do not refer to the *grand battue* in which the present beautiful government of France slat down some twenty thousand innocent people to vindicate its ability to do it. The killing to which we refer is a more *piece-meal* business which grows *out of grammar* and theology, or rather *out of certain* hoary grammatical and theological blunders. If a man kills another, *the government* kills him. Two men were killed in this way last Friday—it is necessary to kill them on Friday; no other day will do. This killing is acknowledged by the government to be a very miserable, demoralizing business, for it does it privately, as not fit to be seen. And by an additional refinement, at Brooklyn, in the case of Rielly, it was contrived that the fatal rope should be cut by a man whom nobody could see. Jack Ketch was entirely concealed behind the wall of the Jail, as a man whose reputation would be utterly blasted by his being visible. Good!

The time will come when all the other partners in this disgusting and bootless cruelty, (legislators, judges, and sheriffs,) will have to be screened to preserve their reputation. Hanging is a remnant of barbarism for the continuance of which there is not the shawdow of right reason. If it is good and reasonable as a punishment for murder, it would be and was, when practiced, good for a hundred other crimes. Its friends first fly to the book of Genesis. When we show them that, for their lives, they cannot tell whether what they quote as a command, is really such, or a mere prophecy, and moreover that if it be a command it is no more binding now than others connected with it which they do not think of obeying; then they fly to philosophy, and ask if hanging has abolished what protection have we for our lives?

If we had no gallows and as many murders as now, what an outcry there would be! Is not hanging for murder an unsuccessful experiment? And has it not been tried long enough? The whole history of the world shows that sanguinary punishment increase crime, and murder is no exception. Though hanging is and has been the general rule in Christendom, yet there have been some exceptions, and in no case where the gallows has been dispensed with has murder increased, while in some it has been perceptibly diminished. These stubborn facts overthrow the philosophy of the gallows and send its friends back to theology. Here, the chapter and verse of the Bible having failed them, proving, if any thing, altogether too much, they resort to the metaphysics of the science. The vital principle of the received and dominant theology is *fear*; "hell-fire" is what holds the world in obedience to God. Now if you discard fear as the conservative principle in human governments, and make them wiser than God's, you damage the vital principle of theology. Therefore the unspeakably horrible in human government must be preserved in order to preserve the unalterably dreadful in the divine government. If this is not the principal foundation on which the gallows now rests, we are grievously mistaken, and if convinced would gladly acknowledge our error. On any other theory, we are at a loss why ministers of the gospel should be found the most dogged defenders of hanging.

That the sanctity of human life is vindicated by choking murderers to death, is simply absurd. Exactly the reverse is the reality. Accordingly it is those who have the least instinctive respect for life and horror of bloodshed, who flock to hangings, which are practically nothing but lessons in the school of murder. To give the lessons and shut away the scholars may be wiser, but is it wise?—*Commonwealth.*

Edmund Quincy on Non-Intervention.

Edmund Quincy is the ablest *writer* in the Garrisonian ranks; and a lover of English feels, in reading him, very much as John Randolph felt in listening to Edward Everett. The Roanoke orator, when a member of the House with the latter, made it a point to hear every speech of Everett's thanking God, on each occasion, that there was one man in Congress who knew how to talk English.—Mr. Quincy is also the Rabbins of the advocates of the narrow form of Garrisonian Anti-Slavery action. As might, therefore, be expected, he has made some good hits at the Hungarian, judging them from Mr. Quincy's own stand-point. But he has made better ones at the humbugging doctrine which the enemies of all forms of action in behalf of Freedom, have sought to array against Kossuth. And of these, we are glad to give a specimen:—*True Democrat.*

"Kossuth has well exposed the meanness of our sneaking doctrine of Non-intervention. The only excuse for it, as set forth by Washington, sixty years since, on the principle by which we had obtained our nationality, was that of physical weakness. That excuse exists no, longer. From a fourth or fifth rate Power, we have grown, up to be a second, if not a first-rate one. And, moreover, the excuse is a lie. We have always been ready to interfere with other nations when the Slave Power desired it. The War of 1812 was such an Interference, so was the war with Mexico, so have been our intermeddling with Slavery in Cuba and with the attempts of England to suppress the Slave Trade."

Free Colored People of Md.

The "Baltimore Clipper," of the 22d ult., contains the following comments upon an iniquitous proposition which has been made to the Legislature of Maryland—

"Leave has been granted to Mr. Fleming, of the House of Delegates of Maryland, to bring in a bill 'to tax free negroes and mulattoes, and to prevent the issuing of licenses to them to sell.' We know that it is customary to grant leave to bring in bills for any object asked; that it is an act of courtesy observed among members, and that such grants affords no indication of the sentiment of members.

"Mr. Fleming proposes, in the first instance, to levy a tax upon free negroes—a poll tax, we presume—at all events, they are to be taxed as a distinct race. And in the second place, they are to be prohibited from receiving license to sell. We look upon both objects as unjust. It is not their fault that they are here; and whilst they are among us, they should be treated fairly, and with the kindness due to their humble condition. They are now subjected to all the taxes which are imposed upon the white population. If they possess property of any description, it is taxed as other property, and with that the laws should be satisfied. They are dependent upon their own labor for the maintenance of themselves and families, and many of them obtain support by means of licenses, for which they pay.—Deprive them of the privilege of procuring licenses, and they would be deprived of 'the means whereby they live.' In fact it would be striking down the very best among that class of people; for those among them who are sober, industrious, and prudent, soon become able to set up some little business to increase their means.

Kossuth and the Mexican War.

The *Pittsburgh Saturday Visiter* says that when Kossuth in his great speech in that city, spoke of "our late *glorious* war with Mexico," an electric thrill of shame appeared to move through the audience. No wonder. It is a satisfaction to find sufficient moral sensibility left in a large manufacturing and commercial city, to be capable of emotions of shame. Why does not some friend of Kossuth, tell him the true character of that war? If he knows its character and speaks of it as "glorious" for the purpose of tickling our national vanity, he shows himself a demagogue of the first water. If he is not aware of its true character and objects, as we hope and believe, then his friends owe it to him and to truth to undeceive him.—*Free Presbyterian.*

"*Frederick Douglass' Paper* went off at first on the high-key note against Kossuth for his silence on the slavery question. It was followed next week by a most noble article by John Thomas, in approbation of the Magyar. That Paper almost always speaks right the first time—the second always right.—*Western Citizen.*"

Does the *Western Citizen* hold slavery to be a sin under all circumstances? If yes, it cannot absolve any man under any circumstances, from the duty of so denouncing it. If no, its abolitionism is based on a sandy foundation, and will be likely to fall, when the winds, rains, and floods shall beat upon it. But the *Citizen* is this time only prevented from seeing the truth, by the brilliant glare of Kossuth's glory.—*F. Douglass' Paper.*

☞The following preamble and resolution were adopted by the Alabama conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which adjourned on the 14th ult.

That whereas, suppers, fairs, and concerts are becoming very common in order to raise money for various benevolent objects, and our people go to these suppers, fairs, &c., and justify themselves because the object is said to be benevolent—therefore

Resolved, That this conference disapprove unqualifiedly the practice of such concerts, fairs, and suppers, and will not countenance the attention of our people upon them.

Twentieth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Boston, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 28th, 29th and 30th, 1852.

1. Resolved, That, as citizens of Boston and the Commonwealth, we record our deep disapprobation and indignant protest against the surrender of Thomas Sims by this city, its sanction of the cowardly and lying policy of the police, its servile and volunteer zeal in behalf of the man-hunters, and its deliberate, wanton and avowed violation of the laws of the Commonwealth, for the basest of all purposes,—slave-trading, selling a free man into bondage, that State street and Milk street might make money.

2. Resolved, That the circumstances of the case will not allow us to believe that this infamous deed was the act of the City Government merely; and then, as Boston-born men, some of us, comforting ourselves in the reflection, that the fawning sycophant who disgraced the Mayor's chair was not born on the peninsula whose fair fame he blotted, but all the facts go to show, that in this, as in all his life, he was only the easy and shuffling tool of the monied classes, and therefore too insignificant to be remembered with any higher feeling than contempt.

3. Resolved, That we cherish a deep and stern indignation toward the judges of the Commonwealth, whose personal cowardice, political subserviency, utter lack of official dignity and entire disregard of their oaths, witnessed in silence, the violation of laws they were bound to enforce, and disgraced the Bench once honored by the presence of a Sedgwick and a Sewall.

4. Resolved, That we do not forget, in estimating the character of the professed churches of Boston, that through the whole of this dismal and melancholy night of infamy, they upheld a merciless people in the execution of an inhuman law.

5. Resolved, That, in the rescue of Shadrach, the manly and successful resistance to Gorsuch and his bloodhounds, and the noble attitude of the city of Syracuse, we see cheering evidence that the love of Liberty and the reverence for Law have not died out in the land.

6. Resolved, That when we consider the critical state of parties and the public mind in relation to slavery, the fearful struggle going on between the principles of liberty and those of a merciless despotism, the friends of the one being a Spartan band, and those of the other a Persian host; when we consider, also, the anxious expectation with which the coming of Louis Kossuth was watched, the momentous weight attached to his lightest word, his eloquent professions of devotion to the principles of impartial liberty, and to being governed by the higher law of humanity and universal freedom, and his position as the recognised leader of one-half of the reformers of Europe, we are forced to regard his course in relation to American slavery, his unqualified eulogies of our Constitution and its present administration, his indiscriminate praise of our leading statesmen, his endorsement, in such glowing terms, of the Mexican war, his purposed and pledged silence on the infamous system of human bondage, his uncalled for and ungenerous, if not cowardly, rebuke of a fellow-countryman, the editor of an American press, for his opposition to the monstrous provisions of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and his hardly disguised censure of the abolitionists,—as falsehood to his high professions, treason to the cause of humanity and human rights, injurious to the nation he seeks to aid, fatal to his own fame, in wordly phrase, 'worse than a crime, a folly,' if he supposes such a course will give him either sincere sympathy or effective aid; and an added blot on the dark brow of American slavery that she has succeeded in melting in the lap of her temptations another of the great historic names of the age, and left him 'to grind in the mill' of her infamous service.

7. Resolved, That among the many revolting spectacles presented to the world is the attempt to colonize the free colored population of this country in Africa on account of their complexion; while, at the same time, the oppressed of all other nations, however poor and degraded, are permitted to come to these shores and to share in all the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

8. Resolved, That nothing can surpass the hypocrisy, injustice, effrontery and impiety of the American Colonization Society; controlled, as it is, by Southern slaveholders and slave-breeders, and aided by Northern despisers and persecutors of our colored population; pretending, as it does, the utmost concern for the elevation and improvement of the native African while conspiring for the degradation and enslavement of three millions and a half of colored Americans, so long as they remain here; and organized, as it is under the garb of philanthropy, to give greater security to the slave system, to enhance the value of slave property, and to get rid of an injured and afflicted class.

9. Resolved, That a true exemplification of the colonization spirit is seen in the recent adoption of the State Constitution of Indiana, by which pains and penalties are imposed on the colored residents of that State, and the colored citizens of other States are prohibited from coming into Indiana.

10. Resolved, That this exclusion of colored citizens is not only cruel, but unconstitutional—not only inhuman, but treachery to the national compact; and proves the religion and politics of Indiana to be a combination of cant and corruption, of hypocrisy and villany, of perfidy and ruffianism.

11. Resolved, That the friends of impartial liberty should earnestly remonstrate, to the present Congress, against the appropriation of any moneys in the national treasury for the establishment of a line of mail steamships to the western coast of Africa, having among its objects the expatriation of the free colored population of the United States—such an appropriation, for such an object, being palpably unconstitutional, and disgraceful to the religion and humanity of our nation.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT: We are apt, in coming up to a meeting of this kind, to ask what a few hundred or a few thousand persons can do against the weight of government, the mountainous odds of majorities, the influence of the press, and the power of the pulpit, the organization of parties, the omnipotence of wealth. At times, to carry a favorite purpose, leading statesmen have endeavored to cajole the people into the idea that this age was like the past and that a 'rub-a-dub agitation,' as ours is contemptuously styled, was only to be despised. The time has been when, as our friend observed, from the steps of the Revere House—yes, and from the depots of New York railroads—Mr. Webster has described this anti slavery movement as a succession of lectures in school-houses—the mere efforts of a few hundred men and women to talk together, excite each other, arouse the public, and its only result a little noise. He knew better. He knew better the times in which he lived. No matter where you meet a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea—wherever you have met them, you have met the beginning of a revolution. Revolutions are not made, they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back. The child feels; he grows into a man, and thinks; another, perhaps, speaks, and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society.—Men undervalue the anti-slavery movement, because they imagine you can put your finger on some illustrious moment in history and say, here commenced the great change which has come over the nation. Not so.—The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells on broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of a mighty Republic, fills the Gulf, and divides a continent.

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In working these great changes, in such an age as ours, so-called statesmen have far less influence than the many little men who, at various points, are silently maturing a regeneration of public opinion. This is a reading and thinking age, and great interests at stake quicken the general intellect. Stagnant times have been when a great mind, anchored in error, might snag the slow-moving current of society. Such is not our era.—Nothing but Freedom, Justice and Truth is of any permanent advantage to the mass of mankind. To these society, left to itself, is always tending. In our day, great questions about them have called forth all the energies of the common mind. Error suffers sad treatment in the shock of eager intellects.—'Every body,' said Talleyrand, 'is cleverer than any body;' and any name, however illustrious, which links itself to abuses, is sure to be overwhelmed by the impetuous current of that society which, (thanks to the press and a reading public,) is potent, always, to clear its own channel. Thanks to the Printing Press, the people now do their own thinking, and statesmen, as they are styled—men in office, have ceased to be either the leaders or the clogs of society.

This view is one that Mr. Webster ridiculed in the depots of New York. The time has come when he is obliged to change his tone; when he is obliged to retrace his steps—to acknowledge the nature and the character of the age in which he lives. Kossuth comes to this country—penniless, and an exile; conquered on his own soil; flung out as a weed upon the waters; nothing but his voice left—and the Secretary of State must meet him. Now, let us see what he says of his 'rub-a-dub agitation,' which consists of the voice only—of the tongue, which our friend Pillsbury has described. This is that 'tongue,' that the impudent statesman declared, from the drunken steps of the Revere House, ought to be silenced—this tongue, which was a 'rub-a-dub agitation' to be despised, when he spoke to the farmers of New York.

He says—'We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence.'—Who is? Nobody but a Revere House statesman. 'We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence, and the influence of public opinion, and the influence of the principles to which great men—the lights of the world and of the present age—have given their sanction. Who doubts, that in our struggle for liberty and independence, the majestic eloquence of Chatham, the profound reasoning of Burke, the burning satire and irony of Col. Barre, had influences upon our fortunes here in America? They had influences both ways. They tended, in the first place, somewhat to diminish the confidence of the British ministry in their hopes of success, in attempting to subjugate an injured people. They had influence another way, because all along the coast of the country,—and all our people in that day lived upon the coast, there was not a reading man who did not feel stronger, bolder and more determined in the assertion of his rights, when these exhilarating accents from the two Houses of Parliament reached him from beyond the seas.'

'I thank thee, Jew!' This rub-a-dub agitation, then, has influence both ways. It diminishes the confidence of the Administration in its power to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, which it has imposed so insolently on the people. It acts on the *reading men* of the nation, and in that single fact is the whole story of the change. Wherever you have a reading people, there every tongue, every press is a power. Mr. Webster, when he ridiculed in New York the agitation of the anti-slavery body, supposed he was living in the old feudal times, when a statesman was an integral element in the State, an essential power in himself. He must have supposed himself speaking in those ages when a great man outweighed the masses. He finds now that he is living much later, in an age when the accumulated common sense of the people outweighs the greatest statesman or the most influential individual. Let me illustrate the difference of our times and the past in this matter, by their difference in another respect. The time has been when men cased in iron from head to foot, and disciplined by long years of careful instruction, went to battle. Those were the days of nobles and knights; and in such times, ten knights, clad in steel, feared not a whole field of unarmed peasantry, and a hundred men of arms have conquered thousands of the common people, or held them at bay.—Those were the times when Winkleried, the Swiss patriot, led his host against the Austrian phalanx, and, finding it impenetrable to the thousands of Swiss who threw themselves on the serried lances, gathered dozens in his arms, and drawing them together, made thus an inlet into the closest ranks of the Austrians, and they were overborne by the actual mass of numbers. Gunpowder came, and then, any finger that could pull a trigger was equal to the highest born and the best disciplined: knightly armor, and horses clad in steel, went to the ground before the courage and strength that dwelt in the arm of the peasant, as well as that of the prince. What gunpowder did for war, the printing-press has done for the mind, and the statesmen is no longer clad in the steel of education, but every reading man is his judge.—Every thoughtful man, the country through, that makes up an opinion, is his jury, to which he answers, and the tribunal to which he must bow. Mr. Webster, therefore, does not overrate the power of this 'rub-a dub agitation,' which Kossuth has now adopted, 'stealing our thunder.' (Laughter and applause.) He does not overrate the power of this 'rub-a-dub agitation' when he says—'Another great mistake, gentlemen, is sometimes made. [Yes, in Bowdoin Square!]—We think nothing powerful enough to stand before despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough; and if properly exerted, it will prove itself so; and that is, the power of intelligent public opinion.' 'I thank thee, Jew!' That opinion is formed, not only in Congress, or on Hotel steps; it is made also in the school-houses, in the town-houses, at the hearth-stones, in the railroad cars, on board the steamboats, in the social circle, in these anti-slavery gatherings which he despises. Mark you: *There is nothing powerful enough to stand before it!* It may be an almost divine institution; it may be the bank vaults of New England; it may be the mining interests of Pennsylvania; it may be the Harwich fishermen, whom he told to stand by the Union, because its hauntings protected their decks; it may be the factory operative, whom he told to uphold the Union, because it made his cloth sell for half per cent, more a yard: it may be a parchment Constitution, or a Fugitive Slave Bill signed by Millard Fillmore!!!—no matter, all are dust on the threshing floor of a reading public, once roused to indignation. Remember this, when you would look down upon a meeting of a few hundreds in the one scale, and the fanatic violence of State street in the other, that there is NOTHING, Daniel Webster being witness, strong enough to stand against public opinion,—and if the tongue and the press are not parents of that, what is?

Napoleon said, 'I fear three newspapers more than a hundred thousand bayonets.'—Mr. Webster now is of the same opinion.—'There is not a monarch on earth,' he says, 'whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people.' 'I thank thee, Jew!' We have been told often; that it was nothing but a morbid sentiment that was opposed to the Fugitive Slave Bill,—it was a sentiment of morbid philanthropy.—Grant it all. But take care, Mr. Statesman; cure or change it in time, else it will beat all your dead institutions to dust. Hearts and sentiments are alive, and we all know that the gentlest of nature's growths will, in time, burst asunder or wear away the proudest dead-weight man can heap upon them. If this be the power of the gentlest growth, let the stoutest heart tremble before the tornado of a people roused to terrible vengeance by the sight of long years of cowardly and merciless oppression, and oft-repeated instances of selfish and calculating apostacy. You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it as high as the Rocky Mountains, if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down. 'There is no monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people.' What is this but a recantation? doing penance for the impudence uttered in Bowdoin Square? Surely this is the white sheet and lighted torch which the Scotch church imposed as penance on its erring members. Who of you would imagine, that the man who said of the public discussion of the slavery question that it must be put down, could have dictated this sentiment—'It becomes us, in the station which we hold to let that public opinion have free course?' What, then, is that echo that we heard from Bowdoin Square a year ago? 'This agitation must be put down.' 'It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion have free course.' Behold the great doughface, cringing before the calm eye of Kossuth, who had nothing but 'rub-a-dub agitation' with which to rescue Hungary from the bloody talons of the Austrian eagle!

This is statesmanship! The statesmanship that says to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to-day, 'smother those prejudices,' and to-morrow, 'there is no throne on the broad earth strong enough to stand up against the sentiment of justice.' What is that but the 'prejudices' of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against man-hunting? And this is the man before whom the press and the pulpit of the country would have had the abolitionists bow their heads, and lay their mouths in the dust, instead of holding fast to the eternal principles of justice and right!

I do not quote Mr. Webster's opinion for what it is worth, because it is worth nothing. He changed his opinion yesterday, and he may change it again to-morrow. But I quote it because we have been accustomed to come here, sometimes, and feel somewhat awed by the image of the colossal institutions about us, which seem to be opposing our progress. Because there are some who occasionally weary of this moral suasion, and sigh for something tangible; some power that they can feel, and see its operation.—The advancing tide you cannot mark. The gem grows unseen. The granite increases and crumbles, and you can hardly mark either process. The great change in a nation's opinion is the same. We stand here to-day, and if we look back twenty years, we can see a change in public opinion—yes, we can see a great change. Then, the great statesmen had pledged themselves not to talk on this subject. They have been made to talk. These hounds have been whipped into the traces of the nation's car, not by *three* newspapers, which Napoleon dreaded, but by one. (Cheers.) The great parties of the country have been broken to pieces and crumbled. The great sects have been broken to pieces. Suppose you cannot put your finger upon an individual fact; still, in the great result, you see what Webster tells us in this speech—'Depend upon it, gentlemen, that between these two rival powers, the autocratic power, maintained by arms and force, and the popular power, maintained by opinion, the former is constantly decreasing; and, thank God, the latter is constantly increasing.—Real human liberty is gaining the ascendant;—[he must feel sad at that!]—and the part which we have to act in all this great drama is to show ourselves in favor of those rights; to uphold our ascendancy, and to carry it on, until we shall see it culminate in the highest heaven over our heads.'

Now, I look upon that speech as the most remarkable Mr. Webster has ever made on the anti-slavery agitation to which we are devoted—as a most remarkable confession, under the circumstances. I read it here and to you, because, in the circle I see around me, the larger proportion are abolitionists—men attached to the movement which this meeting represents—men whose thoughts are occasionally occupied with the causes and with the effects of its real progress. I would force from the reluctant lips of the Secretary of State, his testimony to the real power of the masses. I said that the day was, before gunpowder, when the noble, clad in steel, was a match for a thousand.—Gunpowder levelled peasant and prince.—The printing press has done the same. In the midst of thinking people, in the long run, there are no great men. The accumulated intellect of the masses is greater than the heaviest brain that God ever gave to a single man. Webster, though he may gather into his own person the confidence of parties, and the attachment of thousands throughout the country, is but a feather's weight in the balance against the average of of public sentiment on the subject of slavery. A newspaper paragraph, a county meeting, a gathering for conversation, a change of the character of a dozen individuals, these are the several fountains and sources of public opinion in our midst. And, friends, when we gather, month after month, at such meetings as these, we should encourage ourselves with considerations of this kind:—that we live in an age of democratic equality;—that, for a moment, a party may stand against the age, but, in the end, it goes by the board;—that the man who launches a sound argument, who sets on two feet a startling fact, and bids it travel from Maine to Georgia, is just as certain that he in the end will change the government, as if, to destroy the Capitol, he had placed gunpowder under the Senate Chamber. Natural philosophers tell us, that if you will only multiply the simplest force into enough time, it will equal the greatest. So it is with the slow intellectual movement of the masses.—It can scarcely be seen, but it is a constant movement; it is the tide, it is the ocean, gaining on the proudest and strongest bulwarks that human art or strength can build. It may be defied for a moment, but, in the end, Nature always triumphs. So the race, if it cannot drag a Webster along with it, leaves him behind and forgets him. (Loud cheers.) The race is rich enough to afford to do without the greatest intellects that God ever let the devil buy. Stranded along the past, there are a great many dried mummies of dead intellects, which the race found too heavy to drag forward.

I hail the almighty power of the tongue. I swear allegiance to the omnipotence of the press. The people never err. '*Vox populi, vox Dei*'—the voice of the people is the voice of God. I do not mean this of any single verdict which the people of to-day may record. In time, the selfishness of one class neutralizes the selfishness of another. The interests of one age clash against the interests of another; but, in the great result, the race always mean right. The people always mean right, and, in the end, they will have the right. I believe in the twenty millions—not the twenty millions that live now necessarily—to arrange this question of slavery which priests and politicians have sought to keep out of sight. They have kept it locked up in the Senate chamber, they have hidden it behind the communion table, they have appealed to the superstitious and idolatrous veneration for the State and the Union to avoid this question, and so have kept it from the influence of the great, growing democratic tendencies of the masses. But change all this, drag it from its concealment, and give it to the people; launch it on the age, and all is safe. It will find a safe harbor. A man is always selfish enough for himself. The soldier will be selfish enough for himself; the merchant will be selfish enough for himself; yes, he will be willing to go to hell to secure his own fortune, but he will not be ready to go there to make the fortune of his neighbor. No man ever yet

was willing to sacrifice his own character for the benefit of his neighbor; and whenever we shall be able to show this nation that the interests of a class, not of the whole, the interests of a portion of the country, not of the masses, are subserved by holding our fellow-men in bondage, then we shall spike the guns of the enemy and turn their artillery to our side.

I want you to turn your eyes from institutions to men. The difficulty of the present day and with us is, we are bullied by institutions. A man gets up in the pulpit, or sits on the bench, and we allow ourselves to be bullied by the judge or the clergyman, when, if he stood side by side with us, on the brick pavement, as a simple individual, his ideas would not have disturbed our clear thoughts an hour. Now, the duty of each anti-slavery man is this. Stand on the pedestal of your own individual independence, summon these institutions about you, and judge them. The question is deep enough to require this judgement of you. This is what the cause asks of you, my friends; and the moment you will be willing to do this, to rely upon yourselves, that moment the truths I have read from the lips of the man whom the country regards as its greatest statesman, will shine over your path, assuring you that out of this agitation, as certain as the sun at noon-day, the future character of the American government will be formed.

Men blame us for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it, through the hides of their idols.—When you have launched your spear into the rhinoceros hide of a Webster or a Benton, every Whig and Democrat feels it. It is on this principle that every reform must take for its text, the mistakes of great men. God gives us great scoundrels for texts to anti-slavery sermons. See to it, when Nature has provided you a monster like Webster, that you exhibit him, himself a whole menagerie, throughout the country. (Great cheering.) It is not often, in the wide world's history, that you see a man so lavishly gifted by nature, and called, in the concurrence of events, to a position like that which he occupied on the 7th of March, surrender his great power, and quench the high hopes of his race. No man, since the age of Luther, has ever held in his single hand, so palpably, the destinies and character of a mighty people. He stood like the Hebrew prophet, betwixt the living and the dead. He had but to have upheld the cross of common truth and honesty, and the black dishonor of two hundred years would have been effaced for ever. He bowed his vassal head to the temptations of the flesh and of lucre. He gave himself up into the lap of the Delilah of slavery, for the mere promise of a nomination, and the greatest hour of the age was bartered away,—not for a mess of pottage, but for the *promise* of a mess of pottage; a promise, thank God, which is to be broken! (Enthusiastic applause.) I say, it is not often that Providence permits the eyes of twenty millions of thinking people to behold the fall of another Lucifer, from the very battlements of heaven, down into that 'lower deep of the lowest deep' of hell. (Great sensation.) On such a text, how effective should be the sermon!

Let us see to it, that, in spite of the tenderness of American prejudice, in spite of this morbid charity that would have us hold up the sin but drop the sinner, in spite of this effeminate Christianity, that would let millions pine, lest one man's feelings be injured; let us see to it, friends, that we be 'harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice;' remembering always that every single man set against this evil may be another Moses, every single thought you launch may be the thunders of another Napoleon from the steps of another St. Roche; remembering that we live not in an age of minorities, when a Charles the Fifth could set up or put down the slave trade, but surrounded by twenty millions, whose opinion is omnipotent—that the hundred gathered in a New England school-house may be the hundred who shall teach the rising men of the other half of the continent, and stereotype freedom on the banks of the Pacific; remembering and worshipping reverentially the great American idea of the omnipotence of 'thinking men,' of the 'sentiment of justice,' against which no throne is potent enough to stand, no Constitution sacred enough to endure. Remember this, when you go to an anti-slavery gathering in a school house, and know that, weighed against its solemn purpose, its terrible resolution, its earnest thought, Webster himself, and all huckstering statesmen, in the opposite scale, shall kick the beam. Worshipping the tongue, let us be willing, at all times to be known throughout the community as the all talk party. The age of ballots is over. The age of men armed in mail is over. The age of thrones has gone by. The age of statesman—God be praised! *such* statesmen—is over. The age of thinking men has come. With the aid of God, then, every man I can reach, I will set *thinking* on the subject of slavery. (Cheers.) The age of reading men has come. I will try to imbue every newspaper with Garrisonianism. (Loud applause.)—The age of the masses has come. Now, Daniel Webster counts one—God give him joy of it!—but the 'rub-a-dub agitation' counts at least twenty—nineteen better.—Nineteen, whom no chance of nomination tempts to a change of opinions once a twelvemonth; who need no Kossuth advent to recall them to their senses.

What I want to impress you with is, the great weight that is attached to the opinion of every thing that can call itself a man.—Give me any thing that walks erect and can read, and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord's sacramental host, that is yet to come up and trample all oppression in the dust. The weeds poured forth in nature's lavish luxurance, give them but time and their tiny roots shall rend asunder the foundations of palaces, and crumble the Pyramids to the earth. We may be weeds, in comparison with these marked men; but in the lavish luxuriance of that nature which has at least allowed us to be 'thinking, reading men,' I learn, Webster being my witness, that there is no throne potent enough to stand against us. It is morbid enthusiasm this that I have—I know it. But they tell us that this heart of mine, which beats so unintermittedly in the bosom, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a man's life. Your Capitol, Daniel Webster, is marble, but the pulse of every humane man is beating against it. God will give us time, and the pulses of men shall beat it down. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.)—Take the mines—take the Harwich fishing skiffs—take the Lowell mills—take all the coin and the cotton—thank God, the day must be ours, for the hearts—the hearts are on our side!

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice. A crazy sentimentalism like that of Peter the Hermit hurled half of Europe upon Asia and changed the destinies of kingdoms. We may be crazy. Would to God he would make us all crazy enough to forget for one moment the cold deductions of intellect, and let these hearts of ours beat, beat, beat, under the promptings of a common humanity. They have put wickedness into the statute-book, and destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the Capitol. That is my faith.—That it is which turns my eye from the ten thousand newspapers, from the forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of Whigs, from the millions of Democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent—turns it back to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that shall be heard against bad laws. I recognize in it the great future, the first rumblings of that volcano destined to overthrow all these preparations, and bury in the hot lava of its full excitement all this laughing prosperity that now sits so secure on its throne.

All hail, Public Opinion! To be sure, it is a dangerous thing under which to live.—It rules to-day in the desire to obey all kinds of laws, and takes your life. It rules again in the love of liberty, and rescues Shadrach from Boston court-houses. It rules to-morrow in the manhood of man who loads the musket to shoot down,—God be praised!—the man hunter, Gorsuch. (Applause.) It rules in Syracuse, and the slave escapes to Canada. It is our interest to educate this people in humanity, and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individual that makes up our numbers.—Each man, here, in fact, holds his property and his life dependent on the constant presence of an agitation like this of anti-slavery. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—power is ever stealing from the many to the few. The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. The living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday.

Some men suppose that, in order to the people's governing themselves, all that is necessary is, as Fisher Ames said, that the "rights of man be printed, and that every citizen have a copy." As the Epicureans, 2000 years ago, imagined God as a being who arranged this marvelous machinery, set it going, and then sunk to sleep. Republics exist only on the tenure of being constantly agitated. The anti-slavery agitation is an important, nay, an essential part of the machinery of the State. It is not a disease nor a medicine. No: it is the normal state—the normal state of the nation. Never, to our latest posterity, can we afford to do without fanatics, like Garrison, to stir up the monotony of wealth, and rewake the people to the great ideas that are constantly fading out of their minds, to trouble the waters that there may be health in their flow. Every government is always growing corrupt. Every Secretary of State is, by the very necessity of his position, an apostate. I mean what I say. He is an enemy to the people of necessity, because the moment he joins the government, he gravitates against that popular agitation which is the life of a republic. A republic is nothing but a constant overflow of lava. The principles of Jefferson are not up to the principles of to day. It is well said of Webster, that he knows well the Hancock and Adams of 1776, but he does not know the Hancocks and Adamses of to-day. The republic that sinks to sleep, trusting to constitutions and machinery, to politicians and statesmen, for the safety of its liberties, never will have any. The people are to be waked to a new judgement, just as the Church has to be regenerated, in each age. The anti-slavery agitation is a necessity of each age, in order to keep alive this faithful vigilance which is constantly in danger of sleep. We must live as did our Puritan fathers, who always went to church, and sat down to dinner, when the Indians were in their neighborhood, with their musket-lock on the one side and a drawn sword on the other.

If I had time or voice to night, I might proceed to a further developement of this idea, and I trust I could make it clear, which I fear I have not yet done. To my conviction, it is gospel truth, that, instead of the anti-slavery agitation being an evil, or even the unwelcome cure of a disease in this government, the youngest child that lives may lay his hand on the youngest child that his gray hairs may see, and say, "The agitation was commenced when the Declaration of Independence was signed; it took its second tide when the Anti-Slavery Declaration was signed in 1833; a movement, not the cure but the diet of a free people; not the homœopathic or the allopathic dose, to which a sick land has recourse, but the daily cold water and the simple bread—the daily diet and absolute necessity—the manna of a people wandering in the wilderness." There is no Canaan in politics. As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust. "In distrust," said Demosthenes, "are the nerves of the mind." Let us see to it that these sentinel nerves are ever on the alert. If the Alps, piled in cold and still sublimity, be the emblem of Despotism, the ever restless Ocean is ours—which, girt within the eternal laws of Gravitation, is pure only because never still. (Long-continued applause.)

From F. Douglass' Paper.

Cass on Intercession.

We had Henry Clay on sanctification, some time ago, we now have Lewis Cass, on mercy and intercession. Yes! the General puts in abeyance his well-known hatred of England, for a moment, and in accordance with "*the most rigid morality,*" makes intercession with the British government, for mercy towards men convicted of the highest offense known to government, and who are suffering the penalty of their offense, in the British penal islands of the Southern Seas. How good of Mr. Cass, and what genuine sincerity marks his intercession. Those who fail to recognize this sincerity, will have to remember that when ten years ago, the civilized nations of the Eastern world, (as a tribute to the "advancing opinions," of the age,) were uniting under a solemn treaty, to put a stop to the murderous traffic in slaves, upon the African coast, this same Cass, being then minister to the Court of LOUIS PHILIPPE exerted all his energies to defeat that humane alliance, and up to this hour, he glories in the disgraceful part he took in the transaction. He denounced it as a scheme of Great Britain, to make herself more completely Queen of the Ocean, and by appeals to the prejudices of the French government, he was, doubtless, the chief instrument in producing the failure of that grand object. "*Oh! the hypocrite!*" For the millions who are at this moment dragging the chains and fetters of slavery, divested of all the rights belonging to humanity, when did he make intercession for mercy? Never; but on the contrary, his whole life has been devoted to the interests of oppressors and tyrants. He is the shameless detender of a condition in this country, to which, if Smith O'Brien were reduced, he would plunge a dagger to his heart, rather than endure. But this proposed intercession on the part of General Cass, is a miserable sham. We have too much respect for his intellect, to believe it more. The thing is entirely for home consumption, and not intended for England at all. Instead of being an intercession to England, for mercy to Smith O'Brien, it is plainly an intercession to Irish imigrants of our country to vote for Lewis Cass, for President, at the coming election. The old politician and diplomatist knows very well he will be understood in England, and fears no unpleasant consequences for his course, for he tells England beforehand, that she may act her pleasure, and be assured that her conduct will give no offense. He knows that men won't serve God, when the devil bids them, and therefore, he has very little expectation that his advice will be taken in this instance. There is one good thing that may result from this international intercession. It may induce George Thompson or some other distinguished member of the British Parliament, in the name of the spirit of the age, to call upon the British Government to intercede with the American Republic, for the liberation of the millions held in slavery upon our shores. We should like to see how Cass would regard such intercession, on the part of the British Government!

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton.*

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets March 7th.

Slavery in Liberia.

The African Repository for February, contains several letters from Liberia, denying the truth of the repeated statements of Lieutenant Forbes, of the British Navy, that the Liberians are some of them slaveholders. We published Lieutenant Forbes' statement, and now we give the denial.

Without pretending to decide who is correct as to the matter of fact, we will say, that it would be nothing remarkable if slavery were to be found among the colonists. Neither their intelligence, their moral elevation, or their education, would lead us to expect them to be proof against temptation. Certain it is, that the same number of *white* emigrants, from the latitude from which most of them were removed, would speedily become slaveholders in Africa, as they had been in America. And besides we have it on the authority of Webster, Clay and other distinguished examples of piety, that these subjects of transportation, are all *Missionaries;* and we have had practical evidence from some of the Apostles of the American Board, that Missionaries can become slaveholders as well as other men. Why not the Missionaries of the American Colonization Society? Men who received their whole education in the school of the patriarchs.

And why not these Liberians engraft this patriarchal system upon their democracy, as well as the Americans upon theirs? They have gone to Africa that they may enjoy Bible institutions; and slavery both they and we have been taught is one—shall they now be prohibited?

This anxiety on the part of slaveholders to clear Liberia from all taint of their chosen system, is a little singular, not to say suspicious.—Compassing sea and land, as they are doing to make prosolytes to their system—devastating neighboring nations with fire and sword, to secure the privilege of maintaining slavery here, and of propagating it abroad; and yet guarding with such jealous watchfulness, against its introduction into Liberia. Why is this? Not that they care for its existence there. But they would inveigle the anti-slavery spirit of the North into the support of this hand-maid of slavery. To effect this, the reputed prosperity of their colony and its good character, are very essential instrumentalities. Especially with a people who prefer success, to any great amount of scrupulousness in the method of attaining it.

We heartily rejoice at any, and all the success that has attended these colonists. We have no doubt that under anything like favorable circumstances they will secure success. If this success is already, all that is represented by the Colonizationists, we rejoice the more. But in the name of justice and humanity we protest against the use which colonizationists are making of this success. Instead of using it, as they should, to exhibit the enormity of this nation in reducing to, and holding in brutish ignorance men and women, who are capable of founding and governing empires, and regenerating continents; they employ it only as a justification for their abuse and degradation here, or for their wicked expulsion from their homes and the land of their birth.

The Spanish Consul on his return to New Orleans was received with a national salute from the United States, Barracks. This is an attonement for the incivilities of the mob which expelled him from the city.

Hope Dale Community.

The recent annual report of the Hope Dale Community, represents its pecuniary condition as highly encouraging. The last year, for the first time during its ten year's existence, its receipts have enabled it to meet all its expenditures. It has liberally compensated labor—paid its prescribed premium to capital; and has a small surplus, as profit for its members.

In faith and patience, this association has prosecuted its objects, while the multitude of kindred ones, which started with it, have failed. We hope it may do much, not only for its members, but that it may help to solve the great social problem, which has thus far practically defied the ingenuity of the race, viz: the high developement of man, both as a *social* and *individual* being. Heretofore association has been purchased at the expense of individuality, or individuality at the expense of co-operation. Both are alike indispensable to human happiness. And like all other requisitions founded in nature, should mutually cultivate, develope and sustain each other. The Hope Dale Community, need covet no higher mission of usefulness, than practically to show to the world, how this is to be done.

Syracuse Rescue Trials.

These trials it is said, have done a good work in Albany; better then could have been hoped from any direct Anti-Slavery effort.—They were got up for the manufacture of presidential capital, but its motive was too thinly disguised, to prevent its being fully comprehended by the mass of the people, who are disposed to stamp upon it, its true value.

An effort is to be made to procure new indictments at Rochester in May next, and on them, bring the accused to trial in June, at Canandaigua. So Rochester and Canandaigua are each as well off as though they were to have a Convention of abolition fanatics, in their midst. The Liberty Party Convention in Syracuse, whose deliberations were disturbed by the attempt to kidnap Jerry, could never have exerted a tithe of that influence by quiet deliberation or eloquent speaking, which they did by their adjournment, to give aid to that popular outburst which gave freedom to Jerry.

The slaveholders in their madness, are giving us the occasions for our success.—May they multiply them abundantly. It shall be our business to improve them. The Southern extremists are right in their lamentations. They have played but a loosing game thus far, under the auspices of their fugitive law.

Great Britain and the Nation of S. Carolina.

Some year or more ago, the British Representative in this country, remonstrated with the General Government against the imprisonment of colored British Seamen in the ports of South Carolina. The Government at Washington dodged the responsibility of deciding the question, by asserting the sovereignty of South Carolina in her own dominions, and referred the Briton to the authorities of that State for a redress of grievances. The subject underwent diplomatic discussion without effecting any alteration in the practice of the sovereign State. The subject has been before the Legislature of the State, the present winter, and a report and resolutions adopted, avowing their right to seize and imprison all colored persons visiting the State, and their determination to exercise the right.

To this Mr. George Mathews, British consul at Charleston replies, and remonstrates against the seizure and imprisonment, as a violation of our treaty stipulations with Great Britain. And such no doubt it is. It remains now to be seen whether Great Britain will take as quietly this outrage upon her citizens, as does Massachusetts and other States of this Union; and whether Charleston, will send Mr. George Mathews home, as unceremoniously as she did the Hon. Samuel Hoar?

The National Era.—Advance payment for Newspapers.—The advantages of the system of advance payments, are very forcibly presented by the Editor of the National Era in his last number—he says:

We tried the credit system eleven years in the West, and were always embarrassed.—We were harassed, our subscribers were bored, bills were disputed, collectors were baffled, we came near losing our temper, and certainly lost money enough to make a snug little fortune for life.

Adopting a contrary policy, we have strictly adhered to the cash system, or payment in advance, since we have been in Washington, a little more than five years.—The results are delightful. Our subscribers value the paper, they have the pleasure of knowing, when reading it, that it is *their own*, they are never dunned, there are no old accounts to dispute about, we have no misunderstandings with them, we know every week precisely where and how we stand, we lose nothing, they lose nothing, but both are gainers in all respects. If we knew that we could double the list of the *Era* to-morrow, by the adoption of the credit system, we would not adopt it.

Such are the comparative merits of the two systems. We heartily wish all the friends of the Bugle would persuade themselves to adopt the pre-payment system.—They would certainly find it most satisfactory to themselves, and it would save *us* a vast amount of labor, anxiety and expense.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

UNION CITY, Feb. 12th, 1852.

On our road to Litchfield, we called and held meetings at Jackson's Mills, at the Seminary of Prior Foster, of which I wish to speak more fully than usual.

For several years the attention of abolitionists and others have been called to the building and endowment of schools, &c., for colored people, again and again have we been called upon to contribute our funds for the support of Teachers and others connected with the education of fugitives and free persons of color. And so unsatisfactory has been the manner in which monies have been applied, that nearly all have become more or less indisposed to do anything further in this direction. At the last meeting of the American Society, this subject claimed attention, and I believe a committee was appointed to investigate the condition of the different institutions that claimed support on the ground of educating colored people.

The above Seminary, is one established by a colored man, mainly for the education of colored people—of its financial concerns, I know nothing at all, and of course will venture no remark on that subject. But of the institution, and of Mr. Foster, I shall feel free to speak. The Seminary is situated about a mile from Jackson's Mills, in a most beautiful situation, and about twenty miles from Adrian. There is connected with the school two hundred and forty acres of land, a good portion under cultivation. The grounds around the buildings are most beautifully laid out. Large wide avenues planted with the maple tree, on either side, with circular, and semi-circular carriage drives, planted so that the trees will make a continuous arbor, the boughs mingling over head, while all stand in the midst of one of the most beautiful natural groves I ever saw, making the situation truly enchanting. There is already erected a large building for the school, finished all but plastering, in a part of which the family and boarders at present reside, also, a fine large building for a boarding house finished mainly, save plastering. There are, also, several log cabins around in which colored people live till they can get better. Also a store, and this summer there will be erected a machine and wagon shop, and perhaps other buildings. Barns, sheds, &c., of good material belong to the establishment. I have not seen in the country any thing that compares in promise for a future earthly paradise, with this establishment of our colored friends. There is a taste, order and expansiveness about the concern, which impresses you, that no ordinary mind has had the control of affairs.

Seven years ago, this was a wilderness, seven years to come, it will vie, if prosperous, with the most lovely places in the State. Prior Foster settled among a people possessing all the prejudices of the North against the Negro. Soon after his settlement, a town meeting was called for the purpose of expelling him from the town, the meeting was boisterous and exciting, but he obtained a hearing, and completely calmed the angry passions of the people, and has never been disturbed. The very man who acted as chairman, and was mainly active in getting up the expulsion meeting, attended on meeting and said he would shoot any man, that would attempt to take a man into slavery.—And he was even advised by Quakers to abandon the farm, as a hopeless enterprise. But the change in the public sentiment has been almost magical. Now, I venture to say, there is not a family in the neighborhood treated more kindly and respectfully than this. Although it was a bad night and bad going, the white people from all around the country were present at meeting.—Among both men and women, old and young the same freedom of intercourse with the colored friends was manifest. There seemed to be an entire absence of the idea of color. In fact Prior Foster and family have had the very best influence on the entire community. The people publicly avowed their determination that no colored man should ever be taken from their midst, law or no law.

What a monstrous lie, this family and institution convicts this nation of uttering, when it says, the negro is incapable of improvement and cannot take care of themselves. There are five or six daughters, as refined and educated as any of our whites in the same position, and vastly more so than the majority. Would that we had such a family of colored people in every town in the country. It would save this nation. And I am convinced that if this institution did nothing more then to break down the ungodly prejudice of society—it would pay well.

There are between forty and fifty colored persons living on the premises, and in a week or two will be sixty or upwards. *Education is Free*, and work is furnished to pay the board of students, which is I believe a dollar per week. Land can be had for four dollars per acre, and reasonable time given to pay for it. A better opportunity for upright industrious colored people, who wish to educate their families, I dont think can be found, as also for single men and women—who desire an education. But for the sake of the great cause of human freedom, let all low, lazy, intemperate people keep away.

I said, I knew nothing of the financial affairs of the Institution. But there is a good deal to show for what has been done. The community generally seem to have confidence in Mr. Foster, and to treat him with the utmost respect.

My best wishes are for the prosperity of this and all similar institutions. H. C. Wright wishes me to say, that the views above given, are also his—he entirely agreeing with the whole. W.

Free Democratic State Convention.

This Convention held at Columbus, on the 11th inst., seems to have been but thinly attended. F. D. Parrish of Erie County, President, and J. F. Asper of Geauga, Secretary. Letters were read from Samuel Lewis, James Morrow and A. A. Guthrie.

Mr. Lewis urges separate nominations, and concludes by urging the employment of agents to traverse the State—lecture—form associations, &c., and pledges himself to the payment of $25 towards the salary of each agent so employed.

Mr. Morrow says that, though now passing his 75th year, his heart is warm in the cause of humanity. He offers reasons of encouragement and hope to the Convention, and exhorts them to energy and perseverance.

Mr. Guthrie confesses himself disappointed in the results of the Buffalo Convention. The high hopes founded thereon had faded, and left but the sad conviction that the people of the North have yet to learn lessons of deep humiliation.

The opinion of the Convention was expressed in favor of John P. Hale as candidate for the Presidency, and Samuel Lewis for Vice-President. The following are the principal resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That this convention does not hold the doctrine of intervention to enforce the law of non-intervention merely, but of intervention to prevent the aggressions of despotism, and that wherever man's liberty is violated every other man in God's universe is bound to interfere whenever that interference can be made available in breaking the fetters and giving deliverance to the oppressed; and this is true equally as regards individuals, races and nations.

Resolved, That we regard the question of human liberty paramount in all political questions, since with the loss of freedom all other rights are lost.

Resolved, That whatsoever issues may arise between the parties under our State or National Governments, we shall try every proposed measure by its bearings on the question of Liberty, both in the aggregate and in the detail, and that which does not square with the doctrines of human equality we shall oppose, and that which helps the oppressed to their freedom we shall support with all our heart.

Resolved, That we are against monopoly in every form, whether in respect of land or human sinews, and we shall never cease to demand for all men equal rights in the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, That the Hon. Samuel Lewis and Hon. Joshua R. Giddings *be our delegates* to the National Convention.

Resolved, That Hon. Leicester King, of Trumbull Co., and A. A. Guthrie, of Muskingum Co., be the Senatorial Electors of the State for President and Vice President of the United States.

Resolved, That we recommend that meetings be held in the various Congressional Districts of the State, to nominate each a delegate to the National Convention, and an elector for President and Vice President of the United States.

FREEMEN SOLD INTO SLAVERY.—The four colored citizens of Massachusetts, who were convicted of an attempt to abduct a slave from Galveston in Texas, have been sold into slavery. Their names are Anthony Hayes, Levanna Smith, William Brown and Jacob Thompson.

The Liberator urges a circulation of petitions to the State Legislature, asking for its interference in their behalf. The Senate of Massachusetts, however, without waiting to be petitioned promptly adopted the following order:

Ordered, That —— be a committee to inquire what action shall be taken to procure the restoration to freedom of four citizens of Massachusetts, recently sold into slavery in Galveston, Texas.

The chairman appointed Messrs. Burlingame, Rantoul and Ames as the committee.

JOSIPH C. MILLER.—C. M. Burleigh writes to the Pa. Freeman, that on a recent visit to West Nottingham, he found the conviction universal, that Miller was murdered by the Kidnappers; and a strong desire to ferret out the criminals. The Prosecuting Attorney for the county has taken up the case. He adds, there is good reason to believe that Rachel Parker and her sister will both be restored to liberty. Schoolfield, who sold the sister, has given bonds to return her to Baltimore.

Lay Representation in the Methodist Church.—Heretofore the entire management of the Methodist Church in her annual and general conferances has been in the hands of the clergy. An extensive movement is now making to secure a lay representation. A meeting on the subject was held last week by the Methodists in Salem. Resolutions in favor of the measure were adopted and delegates appointed to a convention to secure this object. This convention is to be held in Philadelphia on the third of March.

Mob in Cleveland.—The Homeopathic College in Cleveland was assaulted by a mob on the 16th inst., windows broken and furniture destroyed, and the contents of the Museum and Laboratory, thrown into the street. A dead body was found in the rear of the college, which it was alledged had been stolen by the students for dissection, which occasioned the excitement. The officers and students of the college deny all knowledge of the body.

Women's Temperance Convention.—The women of New York recently held a state Temperance Convention at Albany. Letters were read from ladies interested in the cause. A series of resolutions adopted and a central committee appointed, which has its location at Rochester. The convention adjourned to meet again at the call of the Central Committee.

The Gallery of Gods.

Dear Brother: I have been very much interested with the account a friend lately gave me, of his visit to what he called "the gallery of the Gods." It is a collection which the missionaries have made, of the images which heathen nations worship as Gods. He said he was much impressed while viewing those representations of what the imagination of men had contrived to conjure up of the Creator.

The god of the Indian, for instance, was represented by an image of some ancient remarkable chieftain warrior. He said that every lineament of this image seemed to embody terrible bitterness.

I ventured to suggest to my friend, that if the gods of some men who call themselves "Christians," were but so carved out in wood, their appearance would be anything but lovely. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says Divine Wisdom, "for they shall see God." How can any in such, discover the true character of the Infinite Creator; and how accurately will the image of a man's god, if it be but accurately carved in wood or stone, or painted upon canvas, represent the state of his own heart. I once heard a methodist preacher, on the text "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me," represent the Lord Jesus Christ as a gentleman slave owner. "Christ," said he, "has purchased us." "We are his SLAVES," &c., now this priest was a slaveholder himself, and as a matter of course, so was his God. I little thought when I made the suggestion to my friend, to have so good an illustration of the point as has just occurred. We have been repairing the brick church in Vernon. After painting it up, it looked so much better, that our minister thought it ought to "be dedicated," lest the Lord might mistake it for another church, I suppose. Mr. Fairchild of Hartford was called to give the address. Having heard a sermon by him, in which he proved very ably, that the present religious organization is the true, or Christian church, because there are as many, (and he said he thought there were more) crimes committed out of, than in it. I felt quite anxious to know what kind of a God he would set up in the Brick Church in Vernon. I was somewhat disappointed however, for he did not preach a regular dedication sermon; but on the next Sabbath evening he preached a reformatory discourse, in the same house, in which he brought up a picture of his god daguerreotyped to the life. I will endeavor to report a little of the latter part of this sermon: the greater (latter,) part of which contained a large amount of the best practical instruction.

The preacher was on the subject of sowing to the flesh, and reaping corruption. When he came to show the sinner's harvest—"hell," he said "was not like any description of it in the Bible, because that nothing which is known to us in this present life could represent infinite torment." "It was compared to Ghehenna near Jerusalem, where the worm and the fire were continually consuming, and the smoke was ever assending, but Ghehenna could not represent hell, for those *fires have* long since ceased to burn. *Then again, it was* compared to a furnace of fire. *He bade us* stand before the furnace and behold the intense heat that melted the obdurate iron. Now reflect, said he how terrible to be thrown alive into the midst of such a place, and to remain alive to all eternity in such torment. Then the lake of burning brimstone was introduced and dwelt upon. Then he told us to fancy ourselves upon some very high precipice, with a deep and dark abyss below, how you would shudder and recoil from the brink at the bare thought of falling—but the sinner will be hurled from a precipice into an abyss, that has no bottom, for hell is a bottomless pit. In short, said he, think of every thing that is miserable in this life, and then reflect that nothing can come up to the torments of hell." Having prepared his audience in this manner for the solemnity, he proceeded to introduce the image of his God, acting as his own hangman or executioner to inflict this terrible horror of a penalty.

"God has declared," said he, "that he will whet his sword against you." At this he took the attitude of a man with the hilt of a sword in his left hand, the point resting against his shoulder, while with the right he applied the whetstone vigorously—then changing his position as the figure changed. "God," said he, "has said that he has made ready his arrow upon his bow! He is even now about to launch the mighty shaft right at you!" at this, like a modern Robin Hood, the minister seemed to grasp with all his might a ponderous "six feet bow" in his left hand, while with his right he drew a "clothyard arrow," even to its head, and remained some time aiming first at one, then at another part of the audience until he had brought his "winged death," to bear upon the entire assembly: happily, I was in some measure covered by a pillar, which very fortunately happened to be between me and the mighty archer, and being thus secure, I thought at once of my friend Brown's "Indian God," in the missionary gallery in New York. I had only time to observe the striking resemblence, when the fury of the awful climax came thundering down in the following words, "*Only think of some hideous savage with his musket pointed right at you, and about to discharge its contents into your very bosom!* Do you think you could sleep any to-night, if that were the case?"

Now my brother, I know you will think that I have overdrawn. That such a pleasent, educated, and reformatory man, as Rev. Fairchild, a congregational, Oberlin consociational minister, of Hartford, Ohio, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, could never attempt to represent his God, by carving out such an horrible image of a savage monster, not with a bow and quiver merely, but with the more refined and deadly MUSKET, ready to launch red ruin upon utterly defenseless men, women, and children. But I tell you that in this part of my report, at least, I verily believe that I have given you his language verbatim.

What a wretched blunder a man makes when he leaves the radiant splendor of the Son of Righteousness; who said "If ye had known *me*, ye should have known my Father also," "and from henceforth ye know him and have seen him." "He that hath seen *me* hath seen the Father." "No man knoweth the Father, save he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." And again "Love your enemies, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." "Learn of *me* for I am meek and lowly in heart," &c. O, if the blessed Jesus had only brought a loaded MUSKET when he "came to his own," do you suppose that those Jews who had thought of him as whetting his sword, and making ready his arrow upon his bow, would have crucified him? Surely not, they had been long waiting for and expecting such a god would appear. One who could whet the sword, and use the bow. They were even worshiping such a being. But Jesus Christ plainly reveals the character of this their god, when he says, "Ye are of your father the devil and the lusts of your father ye will do, he was a murderer from the beginning."

Do you enquire, my brother, how I felt while viewing the image of this God, to whom the Rev. Fairchild had just before "dedicated" the Brick Church in Vernon? I tell you I felt like renewedly girding on the gospel planoply, and not with carnal weapons, but with the sword of mighty Truth, pressing on with the victorious phalanx of the good, and the true, until this horrid monster god and his MUSKET, shall be captured and sent to fill a nich in the Idol gallery in New York. Wo'nt they be objects of intense curiosity fifty years hence.

M. S. BEACH.

Vernon, Feb. 10, 1852.

To the Colored People of Pennsylvania.

The suggestions contained in the following article, are well worthy the attention of those to whom they are addressed. We copy it, especially for the benefit of our friends in Western Pennsylvania. Let them co-operate with the energy here recommended, with their brethren in the Eastern part of the State. There should be union, as well as decision, energy and perseverence. And whatever is to be done, should be done quickly. There is no time to loose.

It has been the custom of some who profess to be pre-eminently the friends of the colored people, to recommend quiet and inactivity. Their friends would do the work for them. Their own exertions, would only excite prejudice, disgust and alienation. We warn our friends to be suspicious of such advice. A compliance with it would doubtless secure the commendation of their enemies, as it undoubtedly would their power to perpetuate their unjust dominion. Yes, let their victims quietly submit without remonstrance as they advise, and colonization plots, State exclusion and expulsion, and kidnapping will be the order of the day. Let every colored man suspect the motives, and reject the advice of him, who consels inaction and submission. Bold, energetic, prompt and persevering activity, such as is recommended below, is what the tyrants fear, what will alone secure their overthrow. Let the colored people not only act upon the defensive—remonstrating and laboring against the efforts for their expatriation—let them demand not mere existence here, but all the rights that appertain to them as human beings, and all the privileges and protection which belong to citizenship. This is the only policy that will secure the respect of their adversaries or result in their success.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Feb. 1, 1852.

It was suggested at the West Chester Convention, in October last, that in the event of Bigler's election, efforts would be made by his party still farther to wrong and oppress the colored race. So it has already come to pass. I have not time to try to utter my abhorrence of the scheme for shutting out the victim of injustice and outrage from the miserable refuge which our prejudiced State affords; but I must entreat attention to the means most likely in my judgment to prevent a persecution so shocking.

I believe the means are in the hands of our colored brethren. Let them have a memorial prepared, truthful, pathetic and importunate; let it be written by a hand impelled by a glowing heart and a clear intellect; let it be signed by every colored person in the State over 14 years of age, making at least 30,000 signatures. Let it be carried to the Capitol by twelve or more of the best and most venerable men they can find among themselves. It should then be read by one of themselves, if permitted; if not, by some true-hearted member. Then this committee of twelve, more or less, should remain for weeks if necessary, and importune day and night, as the poor widow did the unjust judge, every member they can reach. If repulsed, they should be neither dismayed nor hindered. When forbidden to speak, they should write; when still disregarded, they should place themselves continually in the sight of the members and give them no rest till the question is decided. This would be Christian importunity; and is, I believe, their present duty. Their best clergymen could well be spared from their flocks for such a purpose. Thus I believe they might prevail. Such earnestness and perseverance would probe a politician's heart; for he is not without one. Without such action, the horrid measure will pass in order to convince the South that James Buchanan is a national patriot.

Our colored friends do far too little for themselves in appeals to the natural compassion, shall I say generosity, of their white oppressors. They thus evince a practical distrust of God and man. They could not fail to secure many a blessed boon if they had more faith and more energy. We whites can do far less for them: for we do not feel as they do, and are dubbed fanatics and fools for our professed sympathy. We seem to our hard, hack politicians like impassioned actors in a play. But bring these black "Greeks to their doors," and let them knock day and night, and repeat the speeches of Kossuth, of Jefferson, and of Webster before he had learned the conditions of obtaining the Presidency, and they can in time carry any point of vital moment. Even the Loving Father must be entreated; how much more, thoughtless and selfish men.

Do, kind Editor, with earnest heart, rouse every agency that can be brought to bear. We are moving here.

SAMUEL AARON.

The Christiana Affair.

Our readers are already acquainted with the result of the trials in this case. Utter discomfiture has overtaken the governmet in every one of their thirty or forty efforts, to secure conviction for treason, for murder and for violation of the fugitive law. A glorious triumph is this, of the justice of the people, over the murderous tyranny of the government. Never did government make more desperate efforts. Never were they more signally foiled. We will thank Heaven and take courage. Considering it as an earnest of future and complete success, let all abolitionists redouble their efforts. Not satisfied with acting upon the defensive, let them become assailants at every vulnerable point.

The Pennsylvania Freeman closes the account of the trial of Williams, with the following summary of the whole matter:

Thus end the Government prosecutions growing out of the Christiana Tragedy!—Did a Government ever before creep out of a very mean business through so small a hole? Was there ever a more ludicrous contrast between the beginning and the ending of a series of prosecutions? The whole country, in the first instance, lashed into a furious excitement; the President's Cabinet summoned together to consider what measures were necessary to vindicate the honor of the country, wounded in the persons of a company of Maryland slave-catchers, by a hundred black and three white men, one of them a meek 'miller on a sorrel mare;' Judge Kane's Proclamation of Treason, whereby new fuel was added to the fire, and the Grand Jury stimulated to indict more than thirty persons for that capital crime, two thirds of whom were not even present at the conflict and had not the slightest previous knowledge of the affair; the imprisonment for more than three months of these persecuted men; the utter failure to convict even one of them upon the charge of Treason; the ignoring of the bills for murder and riot at Lancaster; and the whole winding up with the failure of the Government to convict Williams of even the most insignificant violation of the Fugitive Slave Law! These prosecutions cannot have cost the Government less than sixty or seventy thousand dollars, which strikes us as a pretty large price for so small a whistle. If the respect of the people for the Fugitive Law, or their reverence for the persons of slave catchers, has been augmented by the conduct of the Government officials, then do we greatly mistake the indications of public sentiment. We believe, in truth, that the law is more obnoxious to the people of Pennsylvania now than it was before these trials commenced, and that the tide of public abhorrence against it will rise and swell just in proportion as efforts are made to enforce it in our midst.

BREVITIES.

There are now in the United States, says the Banker's Magazine, 921 Banks in operation, having a capital of $243,803,000; a circulation of $150,052,000; a coin fund of $50,000,000.

Mr. Thrasher has been released by the Spanish Government.

Mr. John Crampton has been appointed Minister from England in the place of Sir Henry Bulwer.

The Black Swan sings in Cleveland on the 23th inst.

The Maine Law has been defeated in Rhode Island by a vote of 37 to 31.

A great fire occurred in Elyria last week. Among other buildings the office and contents of the Elyria Courier was entirely destroyed.

The Michigan Southern Railroad is now within nine miles of Chicago.

The National Era has now a subscription list of more than 16,000 pre-paying subscribers.

The Free Soilers of Indiana are to hold a State Convention at Indianapolis on the 27th of February.

The State Journal says the taxable property in this State is set down this year at four hundred and seventy-seven millions.

Kossuth and Kinkle both addressed the Germans of Cincinnati on Saturday last.

Crime in Texas.—Judge Buckley of Texas, taking the whole number of cases of murder that have come before him for trial during the last four years, as the basis of an estimate says, that in that period, there have been tried, upwards of 600 cases of murder in that State. Out of this number, *not six*, have been found guilty by the jury before whom they have been tried.

Missionary Appropriations.—That pattern Missionary Association, the American Colonization Society, has appropriated $10,000 for the defence of Liberia, and has adopted measures to obtain additional arms and warlike resources"! Africa will doubtless soon be regenerated with this efficient instrumentality—truly an inviting prospect for the emigration of peaceful laborers.' If the native tribes, against whom these warlike resources are to be employed, could report for themselves, the cause of their difficulties, it might perhaps derogate somewhat from the character of the colonists for probity and justice.

THE INDEPENDENCE of the penal colony on the Coast of Africa, to which men are banished for the crime of being born black, has been recognized by the Prussian Government—*A. Slavery Standard.*

Slaves for California.

The slave traders are bent upon quietly, taking posession of California with their slaves. The following paragraphs, are from the last weekly National Intelligencer.

It looks to us rather in the light of a cool insult, to the California Legislature to memorialize them for the introduction of 800 slaves. These slaveholders, have certainly very singular ideas, of the nature of constitutional obligation. How the Californians will take it we cannot say.

HO FOR CALIFORNIA!—The steamer *Isabela*, sailed from Charleston (S. C.) on Sunday last for Key West and Havana, having on board three hundred and eighty-five passengers, the greater portion of whom are bound for the auriferous shores of the Pacific.

The Charleston Courier says that these emigrants go principally from the upper districts of Georgia, and the counties of Burke, Catawba, Rutherford, and McDowell, North Carolina.

The Courier also says that "on her last trip the *Isabela* took out thirty-nine slaves belonging to some of the passengers bound for the gold diggings; on this she had fifty-five; and the number on her next is, as we have been informed, likely to be further increased; that is to say, if the accounts from the mines continue to be as favorable as they have been recently."

MORE SLAVES FOR CALIFORNIA.—James Gadsden, of South Carolina, writes to the Shreveport (La.) Gazette that a colony of planters is organizing in South Carolina to emigrate to California with from five to eight hundred slaves. They have sent a memoral to the California Legislature, asking leave to settle there with their slaves.

Since preparing the above, we have come across the letter of Mr. James Gadsden, which seems to us quite worthy of publication entire. The modesty of Mr. Gadsden, is certainly remarkable. The California Legislature is to be requested to suspend her constitution which prohibits slavery, and the Federal Government are to furnish an adequate force for their protection. But then it will be seen that an adequate return is proposed. These "500 to 800 Domestics, are to open the high way to the cultivation and civilization, of the shores of the pacific." A wonderful race are these slaves. America as well as Africa is to owe to them her civilization.

CHARLESTON, (S. C.) Dec. 10, 1851.

M. Estes, Esq.—Dear Sir: I am in receipt, through you, of the proceedings of the railroad meeting held at Shreveport. As far back as the Memphis convention, I took an interest in the continuance of our railroad communications to the Pacific; and then indicated the route, which, it seems, is now engaging the attention of your citizens—by the valey of the Red river and Paso del Norte—as probably the one most practicable to California. The route likewise by Vicksburg and Brandon, I adverted to as most favorable to connect with the Atlantic. Memphis which is very natural, seems to favor the route by this city and the valley of the Arkansas. The preference is to be decided by examination and survey, and I am therefore gratified at the initiatory you are taking to induce the general government to institute, under scientific professional engineers, a recoinoisance of the country and the avenues easy of access to the Paso del Norte. I am the more pleased, individually, as I may possibly be the pioneer in the blazes and tracks of the engineers who precede in leading a colony of planters, with their slaves, to the rural districts of California.

We are in part organized—if we can get a favorable response to a memorial now before the California legislature to introduce our domestics and our Southern cultivation—indeed our colony, protected by a government force, might be the means of opening a wagon road to the head waters of the Red river, and from thence to the Paso del Norte, and westwardly by the Gila to the Pacific.—This route has long attracted my attention as the most practicable to California; and although somewhat advanced, the vigor and energies of manhood would be renewed on an expedition so exciting and so full of hope. Would you at your convenience, advise me of the accessibility by steam to Shreveport, or to the highest point on Red river, and an account of the character of the country interiorally up to the sources of that stream, and from thence to the Paso del Norte. It appears to me that by keeping within the valley, many of the difficulties of a land passage west would be removed; and, from the sources of the Red river, crossing the elevations which divide the waters of the Mississippi from the Rio Grande, we might fall upon some tributary of the latter leading us into its valley.

Now, if in connection with our canvassing of the parishes and districts of the adjacent interested States, you could urge on Congress the organizing of a corps of engineers, under adequate military force for protection, and tender the same protection to a colony such as I propose, with a condition that as a return for this protection, superadding probably subsistence, that the efficient force of the colony should be employed in making and opening a road for teams and wagons, there would be no difficulty in the organizing of such an expedition, while the protection tendered might be a stimulant. A small advanced mounted corps could proceed ahead with the engineers; examine and spy out the intricacies of the country; mark avenues, which will be opened by the axe-men of the agriculturists who follow, under the protection of an armed force.

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES GADSDEN.

Ohio Legislature.—This body is engaged with commendable industry, principally in remodeling the various departments of the Government in accordance with the new constitution. Multitudes of well signed petitions are still pouring in on the liquor question.

ANOTHER MURDER BY SLAVES.—Mr. John D. Watkins, of De Sota co., Miss., was shockingly murdered a few days ago by three of his slaves, who waylaid him and crushed his skull by blows from their axes. Two of the murderers were hung by a mob; and the third, a female, was only saved from a like fate because *enciente.*

The Executive Committee, to the Subscribers of the Bugle.

The Publishing Agent this week sends bills to a number of subscribers who are in arrears for *one year or more.* If there are mistakes in any of the bills—they will be gladly corrected whenever known. The bills are made out in accordance with the published terms of the paper. Two dollars per annum being charged for the time since the price of the paper was raised and one dollar and fifty cents for the previous time, that is for the period when the advance price was one dollar per annum. The Publishing Agent is authorized in cases where delinquent subscribers pay up, and also pay an advance subscription, to remit the extra charge for delinquency equal to the time for which they pay in advance. So that a delinquent who pays a year's delinquency and also makes payment for a year in advance—will get the two years subscription for $3—the advance price.

We beg our friends who receive bills, to consider our necessities and the justice of our claim. We have now furnished them with the paper for one, two, three or more years—without any return on their part. If any are too poor to pay and the paper is deemed useful in their families or neighborhoods—we shall still gladly furnish it to them when informed of the facts. From those who are able to pay, we ask an immediate response, as an act of justice to us. The Committee need the money now, to meet their engagements for paper, printing, &c. *The debts now due on the Bugle would enable us to meet all our liabilities,* publish the paper for the rest of the year and leave us capital in hand for efficient future operations. Let us at least, receive enough of our just dues to meet our engagements and come out clear at the years' end.

The radical Anti-Slavery papers at the East, we are happy to learn, have never been more prosperous than now. Shall our paper in the West languish, not for want of donations, but for the payment of its subscription list. Our territory is broader than theirs and its cultivation none the less important.

Perhaps some who find a heavy bill of arrearage to pay, may feel too poor to continue the paper—we hope there will be few such. It is the intention of the committee, in future to prevent the running up of large bills as in the past. If therefore the bills we now send out are not responded to within a reasonable period, the paper will be stopped. The Committee prefer, for their own sake as well as for that of the subscribers, that all should take advantage of the opportunity for *advance payment*—and get the paper at its lowest price.

Occasionally letters are received from postmasters, stating that subscribers refuse their papers, and that too, after having taken them for one, two or more years without pay. This must be negligence or knavery without paliation or excuse. We trust our list is now nearly or quite purged from this class of "*patrons.*"

Those of our subscribers in Ohio who know themselves to be indebted, but do not receive bills this week, will understand that whatever they owe, is for a less period than one year, and we hope they will hasten to remit for the current volume and thus save the charge which will be added if they delay till after the close of their subscription year.

Will not our friends also make efforts to enlarge the subscription list. By a little individual effort of friends in their respective localities, much might be done. If but one subscriber was added at each office to which we now address our papers, our list would receive an increase of several hundred. Dont wait for Agents to visit you and to do this work. It is a useless expense of time labor and money to send them about the country to do that which you can as well do among your neighbors at a less expense. The enterprise is yours as truly as ours. The Committee are but your agents, while they stand in their lot, they look to you to be efficient co-workers in your respective localities.

By order of the Executive Committee.

BENJ. BOWN,
JAMES BARNABY.
M. R. ROBINSON.

Congressional.

We find it difficult to select from the congressional proceedings, much that will be of interest to our readers. The distribution of the spoils of office, in the shape of the public printing, and president making, are the topics that have thus far principally occupied both houses of congress. True they are industrious, but the work is difficult, and they make small progress. After weeks of discussion about the public printing, the question has been laid over for the present, by the refusal of the Senate to give the census printing to the Democratic organ, the Union.

The job of president making, is still more difficult. Not from any lack of material, but rather from its abundance. The parties are in chaos, and the would-be-candidates find it difficult to take their bearings. The intervention question is a new, and promises to be, a popular element. Of course every nerve is strained to make it available. The speakers for *Northern* Buncome, all advocate it. Cass and his fellow aspirants are long winded and valiant for intervention in behalf of Hungary, and the Irish exiles, while to make good the votes of the South, they swear eternal fidelity to the kidnapping law, and otherwise exert their influence, to crush the free colored people of the North.

Subjects for intervention are multiplying on their hands, some of which they will probably not find time to attend to. One from Rhode Island asking Congress, as she is interfering for convicts, to exert her good offices for the release of Drayton and Sayers. Another for interference with Russia, in behalf of the Siberian Exiles. Abdl-el-Kadir, among the rest, is not forgotten.

Stanly of North Carolina, undertook the other day, to put down Mr. Giddings, by a resort to the lowest vulgarity, blackguardism, and falsehood. Mr. Giddings, seems to us, not to have borne himself through this trial of his faith and patience, with quite his usual firmness and intrepidity. When insultingly taunted with being present at the Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia; he does not, as he might have done, justify himself on the ground of the holy character of the intervention he was exercising, a justification that would have been approvingly responded to, by all true hearts, the world over; but he stoops to acknowledge his presence with a sort of apology. And with special pleading, denies his presence when certain resolutions were adopted, which were particularly obnoxious to Mr. Stanley.

The following passage will explain what we mean, and give a fair specimen of the whole scene, so far as the southern blackguard, was an actor.

MR. STANLY—Where was the gentleman early in this session? Away from the House, in Philadelphia, embarked in the Kossuth humbug, then at the height of the poison and fever, and discussing, in an Abolition Convention, a resolution declaratory of the Kossuth influence on the Slavery question in the United States.

MR. GIDDINGS—Will you hear me?

MR. STANLY—Nobody wants to hear you, but I will indulge you.

MR. GIDDINGS—The gentleman is barking up the wrong tree. The resolution refered to, was not passed at the meeting when I was present.

MR. STANLY—I say that he was not only in the Abolition Convention, but he was there and made a speech. This he does'nt deny. The galled jade winces again.

MR. GIDDINGS—Do you say I knew of the agitation?

MR. STANLY—I say you made a speech at that place.

MR. GIDDINGS—If you intend—

MR. STANLY interrupted, with I don't *intend*—I say what I mean.

MR. GIDDINGS, continuing, the gentleman shant crack the overseer's lash to put me down. If he intends to say I was present, and knew of the resolutions to which he referred, then he misrepresents me. It was late in the day when I walked into the Convention, and having been called upon, I responded in a few words.

MR. STANLY repeated with a sneer, "A few words, ah!"

MR. GIDDINGS resumed—The gentleman need not, in that contemptible manner, undertake to intimidate me from establishing the truth.

MR. STANLY—I hope that the gentleman will not gnash his teeth so hard. He might hurt himself. [Laughter.] He says I must not crack the lash of an overseer over him. We have no cracking of such lashes in the South over the slaves,—that is a fancy none but felons and other bad people have cause to fear, and others can't help being bad negroes when they see how badly white men act.—[Cries of good, good, that's hit him, and laughter.] Who is here playing the overseer over white men? who but he who is throwing his filthy gall, and assailing every body as Northern Whig doughfaces, and what he calls the vile slaveholders.

He is the only man who acts in that way. We don't raise the overseers' lash over our slaves in North Carolina. If that member was in the Southern country nobody would own him as a black man with a white skin, [laughter] but he would be suffered to run wild as a free negro, and in the course of three weeks he would be brought up to the whipping-post and lashed for stealing or slandering his neighbors. [Laughter.] If I say that he is a gentleman I tell a falsehood. I charge him with being at a certain Convention and making a speech, and that he does not deny; and he gets over it by saying, if I intend to say what I don't say it is not a fact. He was in Norristown too. [Here a message was announced from the President of the United States.]

The Speaker to Mr. Stanly.—Will the gentleman suspend for a moment?

Mr. Stanly—We ought to suspend that fellow (pointing to Mr. Giddings) by the neck.

Receipts for The Bugle for the week ending February 18th.

W. Tritt, Ormo,	1,00-370
O. A. Hatch, Bundysburgh,	2,00-171
A. Glenn, "	1,00-355
J. Tripp, Upper Sandusky,	1,00-316
A. Watson, Lowelville,	1,00-380
J. Bissel, "	3,40-570
C. Hogue, Finley,	3,00-382
S. Kester, Selma,	1,00-334
J. Caldwell, Columbiana,	4,50-396
M. S. Beach, Vernon,	1,00-369
A. Stanley, Newton Falls,	3,00-334
W. Stanford, Randolph,	3,00-338
T. Rakestraw, Mt. Union,	1,50-373
J. Ward, New Garden,	2,50-333

Job Printing Establishment,

BUGLE OFFICE, SALEM, OHIO.

The subscriber is now prepared to execute every variety of PLAIN and FANCY PRINTING, in a style warranted to give satisfaction and at the *lowest living prices.* HUDSON.

Office Back of Trescott's Book-Store, Salem, O.)

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale on Saturday the 21st of February, 1852. A Farm containing 65 acres of valuable land, principally cleared and under tolerable cultivation. This property is situated in Perry Township, Columbiana County, Ohio. One and a half miles North-East of Salem, near the Plank Road; and is that formerly owned by Samuel Ball.

There are upon the premises, a Log House and Stable, with a neverfailing spring of excellent water, near the buildings.

The land also contains an extensive Vein of Coal among the most valuable and extensive in the neighborhood.

The terms (which will be easy as to payments,) will be made known on the day of sale. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

JACOB HEACOCK.

☞ For further particulars inquire of James Barnaby, Salem, Columbiana County, O.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.

New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

Miscellaneous.

From Chambers' Journal.

What to do in the Meantime?

It has been frequently remarked by a philosopher of our acquaintance, whose only fault is impracticability, that in life there is but one real difficulty; this is simply—what to do in the meantime? The thesis requires no demonstration. It comes home to the experience of every man who hears it uttered. From the chimney-pots to the cellars of society, great and small, scholars and clowns, all classes of struggling humanity are painfully alive to its truth.

The men to whom the question is preeminently embarrassing are those who have either pecuniary expectancies or posess talents of some particular kind, on whose recognition by others their material prosperity depends. It may be laid down as a general axiom, in such cases, that the worst thing a man can do is to *wait*, and the best thing he can do is to *work*; that is to say, that in nine cases out of ten, doing something has a great advantage over doing nothing. Such an assertion would appear a mere obvious truism, and one requiring neither proof nor illustration, were it not grievously palpable to the student of the great book of life—the unwritten biographical dictionary of the world—that an opposite system is too often preferred and adopted by the unfortunate victims of this "condition-of-everybody's question," so clearly proposed, and in countless instances so inefficiently and indefinitely answered.

To multiply dismal examples of such sad cases of people ruined, starved, and in a variety of ways fearfully embarrassed and tormented during the process of expectation, by the policy of cowardly sloth or feeble hesitation, might indeed "point a moral," but would scarcely "adorn a tale." It is doubtless an advantage to know how to avoid errors, but it is decidedly a much greter advantage to learn practical truth. We shall, therefore, leave the dark side of the argument with full confidence to the memories, experince, and imaginations of our readers, and dwell rather—as both a more salutary and interesting consideration—on the brighter side, in cases of successful repartee to the grand query, which our limited personal observation has enabled us to collect. Besides, there is nothing attractive or exciting about intellectual inertia. The contrast between active resistance and passive endurance is that between a machine at rest and a machine in motion. Who that has visited the Great Exhibition can have failed to remark the difference of interest aroused in the two cases? What else causes the perambulating dealer in artificial spiders suspended from threads to command so great a patronage from the juvenile population of Paris and London? What else constitutes the superiority of an advertising van over a stationary poster? What sells Alexandre Dumas' novels, and makes a baloon ascent such a favorite spectable? "Work, man!" said the philosopher; "hast thou not all eternity to rest in?" And to *work*, according to Mill's "Political Economy," is to *move*; therefore perpetual motion is the great ideal problem of mechanicians.

The first case in our museum is that of a German officer. He was sent to the coast of Africa on an exploring expedition, through the agency of the *parti pretre*, or Jesuit party in France, with whose machinations against Louis Philippe's government he had become accidentally acquainted. The Jesuits, finding him opposed to their plans, determined to remove him from the scene of action. In consequence of this determination, it so happened that the captain of the vessel in which he went out set sail one fine morning, leaving our friend on shore to the society and care of the native negro population. His black acquaintances for some time treated him with marked civility; but as the return of the ship became more and more problematical, familiarity began to breed its usual progeny, and the unhappy German found himself in a most painful position. Hitherto he had not been treated with actual disrespect; but when King Bocca-Bocca one day cut him in the most unequivocal manner, he found himself so utterly neglected, that the sensation of being a nobody—a nobody too amongst niggers!—for the moment completely over came him. A feeble ray of hope was excited shortly afterwards in his despondent heart by a hint gathered from the signs made by the negro in whose hut he lived, that a project was entertained in high quarters of giving him a coat of lamp-black, and selling him as a slave; but this idea was abandoned by its originators, possibly for want of opportunity to carry it out. Now our adventurer had observed that so long as he had a charge of gunpowder left to give away, the black men had almost worshipped as an incarnation of the Mumbo-Jumbo adored by their fathers. Reflecting on this, it occurred to him that if, by any possibility, he could contrive to manufacture a fresh supply of the valued commodity, his fortunes would be comparitively secure.

No sooner had this idea arisen in his brain, than, with prodigious perseverance, he proceeded to work towards its realization. The worst of it was, that he knew the native names neither of charcoal, sulphur, nor nitre. No matter; his stern volition was proof against all difficulties. Having once conveyed his design to the negroes, he found them eager to assist him, though, as difficulty after difficulty arose, it required all the confidence of courage and hopeful energy to control their savage impatience. The first batch was a failure, and it was only by pretending that it was yet unfinished he was enabled to try a second, in which he triumphed over all obstacles. When the negroes had really loaded their muskets with his powder, and fired them off in celebration of the event, they indeed revered the stranger as a superior and marvellous being. For nearly eighteen months the German remained on the coast. It was a port rarely visited, and the negroes would not allow him to make any attempt to travel to a more frequented place. Thus he continued to make gunpower for his barbarous friends, and to live, according to their notions, "like a prince;" for to do King Bocca-Bocca justice, when we learned our friend's value, he treated him like a man and a brother. What might have been his fate had he awaited in idle despondency the arrival of a vessel? As it was, the negroes crowded the beach, and fired off repeated salvos at his departure. Doubtless his name will descend through many a dusky generation as the teacher of that art which they still practise, carrying on a lucrative commerce in gunpowder with the neighboring tribes. A small square chest of gold-dust, which the escaped victim of Jesuit fraud brought back to Europe, was no inappropriate proof of the policy of doing something "in the meantime," while waiting, however anxiously, to do something else.

We knew another case in point, also connected with the late king of the French.—M. de G—— was, on the downfall of that monarch, in possession of a very handsome pension for past services. The revolution came, and his pension was suspended. His wife was a woman of energy; she saw that the pension might be recovered by making proper representations in the right quarters; but she also saw that ruinous embarrasment and debt might accrue in the interim. Her house was handsomely furnished—she had been brought up in the lap of wealth and luxury. She did not hesitate; she turned her house into a lodging house, sank the pride of rank, attended to all the duties of such a station, and—what was the result? When, at the end of three years, M. de G—— recovered his pension, he owed nobody a farthing, and the arrears sufficed to dower one of his daughters about to marry a gentleman of large fortune, who had become acquainted with her by lodging in their house. Mme. de G——'s fashionable friends thought her conduct very shocking. But what might have become of the family in three years of of petitioning?

Again: one of our most intimate acquantance was an English gentleman, who, having left the army at the instance of a rich father-in-law, had the misfortune subsequently to offend the irascible old gentleman so utterly, that the latter suddenly withdrew his allowance of £1000 per annum, and left our friend to shift for himself. His own means, never very great, were entirely exhausted. He knew too well the impracticable temper of his father-in-law to waste time in attempting to soften him. He also knew that by his wife's settlement he should be rich at the death of the old man, who had already passed his seventieth year. He could not borrow money, for he had been severely wounded in Syria, and the insurance-offices refused him; but he felt a spring of life and youth within him that mocked their calculations. He took things cheerfully, and resolved to work for his living. He answered unnumbered advertisements, and made incessant applications for all sorts of situations. At length matters came to a crisis; his money was nearly gone; time pressed; his wife and child must be supported. A seat—not in parliament, but on the box of an omnibus was offered him. He accepted it. The pay was equivalent to three guineas a week. It was hard work, but he stuck to it manfully. Not unfrequetly it was his lot to drive gentlemen who had dined at his table and drunk his wine in former days. He never blushed at their recognition; he thought working easier than begging. For nearly ten years he endured all the ups and downs of omnibus life. At last the tough old father-in-law, who, during the whole interval, had never relented, died; and our hero came into the possession of some £1500 a year, which he enjoys at this present moment. Suppose he had borrowed and drawn bills instead of working during those ten years, as many have done who had expectancies before them, where would he have been on his exit from the Queen's Bench at the expiration of the period? In the hands of the Philistines, or of the Jews?

Our next specimen is that of a now successful author, who, owing to the peculiarity of his style, fell, notwithstanding a rather dashing *debut*, into great difficulty and distress. His family withdrew all support, because he abandoned the more reglar prospects of the legal profession for the more ambitious but less certain career of literature. He felt that he had the stuff in him to make a popular writer; but he was also compelled to admit that popularity was not in his case to be the work of a day. The *res angaste domi* grew closer and closer; and though not objecting to dispense with the supposed necessity of dining, he felt that bread and cheese, in the literal acceptation of the term, were really indispensable to existence. Hence, one day, he invested his solitary half-crown in the printing of a hundred cards, announcing that at the "classical and commercial day school of Mr.——, &c., young gentlemen were instructed in all the branches, &c., for the moderate sum of two shillings weekly." These cards he distributed by the agency of the milkman in the suburban and somewhat poor neighborhood, in which he occupied a couple of rooms at the moderate rent of seven shillings weekly. It was not long before a few pupils made, one by one, their appearance at the would-be pedagogue's. As they were mostly the sons of petty tradesmen round about, he raised no objection to taking out their schooling in kind, and by this means earned at least a subsistence till more prosperous times arrived, and publishers discovered his latent merits. But for this device, he might not improbably have shared the fate of Chatterton and others, less unscrupulous as to a resource for the "meantime"—that rock on which so many an embryo genius founders.

The misfortune of our next case was, not that he abandoned the law, but that the law abandoned him. He was a solicitor in a country town, where the people were either so little inclined to litigation, or so happy in not finding cause for it, that he failed from sheer want of clients, and, as a natural consequence, betook himself to the metropolis—that Mecca *cum* Medina of all desperate pilgrims in search of fickle fortune. There his only available friend was a pastrycook in a large way of business. It so happened that the man of tarts and jellies was precisely at that epoch in want of a foreman and bookkeeper, his last prime minister having emigrated to America with a view to a more independent career. Our ex-lawyer, feeling the consumption of tarts to be more immediately certain than the demand for writs, proposed, to his friend's amazement, for the vacant post; and so well did he fill it, that in a few years he had saved enough of money to start again in his old profession. The pastrycook and his friends became clients, and he is at present a thriving attorney in Lincoln's Inn, none the worse a lawyer for practical knowledge of the *pates* filled by those oysters whose shells are the proverbial heritage of his patrons.

A still more singular resource was that of a young gentleman, of no particular profession, who, having disposed somehow or other in unprofitable speculation of a very moderate inheritance, found himself what is technically termed "on his beam-ends;" so much so, indeed, that his condition gradually came to verge on positive destitution; and he sat disconsolately in a little garret one morning, quite at his wits' end for the means of contriving what Goethe facetiously called "the delightful habit of existing." Turning over his scanty remains of clothes and other possessions, in the vain hope of lighting upon something of a marketable character, he suddenly took up a sheet of card-board which in happier days he had destined for the sketches at which he was an indifferent adept. He had evidently formed a plan, however absurd; that was plain from the odd smile which irradiated his features. He descended the stairs to borrow of his landlady—what? A shilling? By no means. A needle and thread, and a pair of scissors. Then he took out his box of water-colors and set to work. To design a picture?—Not a bit of it; to make dancing-dolls!—Yes, the man without a profession had found a trade. By the time it was dusk he had made several figures with movable legs and arms; one bore a rude resemblance to Napoleon; another, with scarcely excusable license, represented the pope; a third held the very devil up to ridicule; and a fourth bore a hideous resemblance to the grim king of terrors himself! They were but rude productions as works of art; but there was a spirit and expression about them that toyshops rarely exhibit. The ingenious manufacturer then sallied forth with his merchandise. Within an hour afterwards he might have been seen driving a bargain with a vagrant dealer in "odd notions," as the Yankees would call them. It is unnecessary to pursue our artist through all his industrial progress. Enough that he is now one of the most successful theatrical mechinists, and in the possession of a wife, a house, and a comfortable income. He, too, had prospects, and he still has them—as far off as ever. Fortunately for him, he "prospected" on his own account, and found a "diggin."

There is always something to be done if people will only set about finding it out, and the chances are ever in favor of activity.—Whatever brings a man in contact with his fellows may lead to fortune. Every day brings new opportunities to the social worker; and no man, if he has once seriously considered the subject, need ever be at a loss as to what to do in the meantime. Volition is primitive motion, and where there is a will there is a way.

Stable Floors on a New Plan.

The stable floors of that celebrated English farmer, Mr. Mechi, are described by the Editor of the Michigan Farmer, who saw them last summer, as of a peculiar construction. They are formed, not of plank, but of pieces of scantling three inches square, placed nearly two inches apart, so that the manure, solid as well as liquid, drops into a vault underneath, where both are preserved, and at the same time, clearing the stable two or three times a day,—a disagreeable and time consuming business,—is rendered unnecessary. The vaults are not deep, and the stables are so arranged that the manure from them can be pitched out at once, into carts for its removal whenever its accumulation or other causes render it desirable. The scantling are framed into sections, four by ten feet in size or there abouts, and laid upon the sleepers so as to be readily removed when necessary. The cost of such a floor cannot be as great as that of plank of the same thickness, and it is thought that scantling two and a half or two inches thick would be strong enough for that purpose.

But the great advantage of such a floor, (upon which cattle stand with the same ease and security as upon one of plank,) is the saving of the liquid portion of the manure, and the preservation of the solid parts from leaching and evaporation which they must inevitably undergo when thrown into the open yards, as is too often practiced.—"Farmers generally" says Mr. Isham "have no conception of the loss they sustain in suffering their liquid manure to be wasted.—Analysis proves it to be far richer in some of the most important elements of vegetable nutrition, than the solid portion, particularly in phosphates. A farmer in the neighborhood of Bath, informed me that he had a cistern which held ten hogsheads, into which his liquid manure was all drained from the stable and the dung heap (which was in the yard, and that he had found it to be far better for his crops than the solid part."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Honerable Employment.

Let the young man remember, there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman who turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clods he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard-stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transfered, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandure of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other. The time is soon coming, when, by the common consent of mankind, it will be esteemed more honorable to have been *John Pounds*, putting new and beautiful souls into the ragged children of the neighborhood, while he mended their father's shoes, than to have sat on a British throne. The time now is, when, if Queen Victoria, in one of her magnificent "Progresses" through her realms, were to meet that more than American queen, Miss Dix, in her "circumnavigation of charity" among the insane, the former should kneel and kiss the hand of the latter; and the ruler over a hundred millions of people should pay homage to the angel whom God has sent to the maniac.—*Horace Man.*

Chance for Speculation.—Four million dollars worth of basket willow are imported into the United States annually. The article costs here six cents a pound. It is brought chiefly from Germany and France. In England, the Duke of Bedford has a plantation of one thousand acres of this willow, which contains no less than eighty-three varieties. The Duke has realized a profit of sixty dollars an acre upon his plantation.—Mr. W. G. Haynes, who furnished the above facts to the Independent, strongly recommends our farmers to devote their attention to the culture of the article.

Arrested for Kidnapping.—Two men named Banks and Birch, have been arrested at Weldon, N. C., on the charge of kidnapping two colored girls from Portsmouth, Va.

From the Iowa True Democrat

The Fugitive.

Air—*The Exile of Erin.*

BY T. M'CONNELL.

"There came to my door a poor child of oppression,
The hoar on his locks, for the night air was chill,
He sighed, as he whispered his faltering confession,
And begged but a crust, and a shelter from ill.
I wept, when he told me the tale of his sorrow,
And I bade him to stay and repose till the morrow,
While guilt to my heart sent her deadliest arrow,
And "shame to my country," I cried in despair.

I warmed him, I fed him, I soothed his afflictions,
I led him to rest in my humble abode,
And I slept, Oh! how sweetly! as rich benedictions,
Arose from his heart to the throne of our God,
But, scarce had the earliest gushes of morning,
With azure, and gold, the horizon adorning,
Shed their lusture around, when a shrill note of warning,
Resounds thro' the grove, on the clear morning air.

'Tis the hound on the track of the travel-worn stranger,
'Tis the cry of the hunter—the hunter of men,
But trembling brother, thou art free from all danger,
The tyrant, shall shackle thee, never again,
Secure is thy slumber, though humble thy station,
Not all the black engines of hate and oppression,
That darken, the sky, of this merciless nation,
Shall tear from this covert, the fugitive slave.

But the sun in the west sinks in silence and sorrow,
And night spreads her mantle of darkness around,
Arise noble brother, the dawn of to-morrow,
Shall light thee to Liberty's hallowed ground.
Yonder star in the sky, be thy guide and director,
The god of the poor, be thy Friend and Protector,
Take courage my brother, thou'lt surely prove victor,
God speed to the land of the free and the brave.

The Cholera.—A gentleman of '*professional honor*, in order to prove that he could procure brandy of a strictly Temperance landlady, at a fashionable resort on our bay, the last season, assumed the symptoms of Cholera, and with expressive sighs and groans called to her for *Brandy!* "Brandy," she exclaimed, "I have none!" "What! none for puddings and pies?" exclaimed the honorable sufferer. "None," replied the heroine, "My puddings and pies never have the *Cholera!*—*N. E. Diadem.*

A Heathen's Idea of Prayer.—In the *Zandavesta*, the Bible of the ancient Persians, there is this wise and benevolent maxim:—"He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers."—*Investigator.*

Anti-Slavery Convention in Cincinnati, O.

Friends of Freedom—We invite you to meet in Convention in Cincinnati, on *Tuesday, Wednesday*, and *Thursday*, April 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1852, commencing at 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M., of the first named day.

We call upon you without distinction of party, to come together in the spirit of fraternal love, to inquire what more can be done for the three millions of slaves in these United States, and to take such advance measures as a pure Christianity, a true patriotism, and an exalted charity require of sound hearted philanthropists.

How many of you will be ready to respond to this call? How many of you will turn aside for a few days from ordinary avocations to give attention to the cries of humanity? How many of you will lay by some of the funds you ordinarily spend beyond your necessities, to save enough to take you to the Convention, or to send a representative from your neighborhood? Come, Friends, prove your faith by your work, and let the poor, crushed slaves have some comfort of hope in hearing of a great and enthusiastic Convention of devoted men and women from all parts of our extensive country, weeping over their wrongs, and pouring out words of fire in advocacy of their rights.

We offer you our hospitalities and shall be happy to entertain our guests in a way to make their visit agreeable to them. Come, and let us lay our gifts upon the alter of an exalted and exalting faith, and renew our Christian vow, that whilst there is a slave to be liberated, there shall not be wanting an Abolitionist to strike the fetters from his limbs.

Yours for the right and the humane, for justice and for love.

Mrs. Sarah H. Ernst.	*Mrs. Elizabeth Coleman.*
" *Julia Harwood.*	" *A. Mann.*
" *Mary M. Guild.*	*Miss Kessiah Emory.*
	Committee of Ladies.
Edward Harwood.	*John H. Coleman.*
John Jolliffe.	*Christian Donaldson.*
Wm. Henry Brisbane.	*Levi Coffin.*

Committee of Gentlemen.

Cincinnati, O., January 5th, 1852.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The leading literary weekly of the Union.

THE proprietors of the Post think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well-known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of *Thirty Years* is a sure guarantee for the future. We have the pleasure of announcing our continued connection with that distinguished authoress,

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," etc. During the coming year, we have already made arrangements for the following novelets:—

Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale: By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Author of "Linda," "Rena," etc.

Viola; or, Adventures in the far Southwest: A Companion to "Prairie Flower." By Emerson Bennett, author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bandits of the Osage," etc.

Trial and Triumph: by T. S. Arthur, author of "The Iron Hand," "Temperance Tales," etc. And last, but not least,

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A tale of Expiation and Redemption. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," etc. etc.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our Advertising Columns, that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.

The Post also will contain every week Selected Articles of the choicest description, one or more Engravings, Humorous Articles, the Most Interesting News, Local News, Bank Note List, State of the Market, the Stock Market, etc., etc.

TERMS.

The terms of the Post are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

Four Copies, $5,00—Eight copies, (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10,00—Thirteen copies, (and one to Agent, the getter up of the Club,) $15,00—Twenty copies, (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20,00 per annum.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

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No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

P. S. A copy of the Post will be sent gratis, as a specimen, to any one requesting it.

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Beautiful Paris Ribbons, for Hat, Cap, Neck, and Belt.
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Fine Embroidered Reviere and Hemstitch Cambric Handkerchiefs.
Crapes, Lisses, Tarletons, Illusion and Cap Laces.
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Kid, Silk, Sewing Silk, Lisle Thread, Merino Gloves and Mits.
Figured and Plain Swiss, Book, Bishop Lawn and Jaconet Muslins.
English, French, American and Italian STRAW GOODS.

July, 1851.

JOHN C. WHINERY,

SURGEON DENTIST!!—*Office over the Book Store.*—All operations in *Dentistry* performed in the best manner, and all work warranted elegant and durable. *Charges reasonable*

Salem, Sept. 8th, 1849.

Anti-Slavery Songs!

WE have about 1500 copies of our selection of Anti-Slavery Songs on hand, which we will sell Wholesale and Retail; orders from a distance shall be promptly attended to.

Aug. 10, 1850.] I. TRESCOTT, & Co.

Elizabeth M. Chandlers'

Prose and Poetical Works. Sold wholesale & Retail, by I. TRESCOTT & CO.

NEW BOOKS,

AT THE SALEM BOOK STORE.

Five Doors East of the Town Hall.

The subscriber has just received, and has constantly on hand, a large assortment of Medical, Classical, Scientific, Miscellaneous and School Books. Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Anatomical and Physiological Charts, Pelton's Outline Maps and Keys, Bankers Cases, Stationary and Paper Hangings.

J. McMILLAN,
Successor to Barnaby & Whinery.

WM. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O. Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trumbull and adjoining counties.

Nov. 23, '50.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.

New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

SALEM INSTITUTE.

THE next term of this Institution will commence October 27th, 1851, and continue [illegible] weeks. Tuition per quarter, 11 weeks, from $3,00 to $5,00; with moderate extra charge for the French, German and Italian Languages, Painting and Drawing.

A full course of lessons in Penmanship will be given during the term by Mr. J. W. L[illegible]. Also, a series of Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology by Dr. R. H. Mack, of which pupils may have the advantage on very moderate terms.

Board can be had in private families at $[illegible] per week.

For further information address

WM. McCLAIN, *Principal.*

Salem, Col. Co., O., Oct. 11, 1851.

Salem Steam Engine Shop & Foundry.

THE undersigned continue to carry on the business of manufacturing Steam Engines and all kinds of Mill Gearing at Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. As we are prepared to [illegible] engines of all sizes, from four to one hundred horse power, and are willing to warrant them to do as much or more work in proportion to the fuel consumed than the best now in use, we would request those who wish to obtain Engines for any purpose to call before contracting elsewhere.

REFERENCES,

J. P. Story, Waukesha, Waukesha Co., W[illegible]
James Herrick, Twinsburg, Summit Co., [illegible]
Mr. Tapporn, Ravenna, Portage County, O.
Stow & Taff, Braceville, Trumbull County, O.
Moor & Johnson, McConellsville, Morgan Co.
Wm. Humbleton, Pennsville, Morgan Co., O.
Edward Smith, Salem, Columbiana County.
J. & Wm. Freed, Harrisburg, Stark County.
Jordon & Co., Bloomfield, Trumbull Co., O.
John Wetmore, Canfield, Mahoning County.

THO'S SHARP & BROTHERS.

Salem, May 30, 1851.

The Young Abolitionists!

OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in paper can be sent by mail, price 20 cts., Muslin 25 cts. a copy. I. TRESCOTT, [illegible]

Also, at D. Anderson's Baptist Book Store, 34 West 4th St., Cincinnati.

August 10, 1850.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Pelton's Large Outline Maps—Pelton's Key to do. Mitchell's System of Teaching Geography, Baldwin's Universal Pronouncing Gazateer, can do so by applying to the subscriber at his residence near Damascus, Columbiana Co., O., or at

THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Those at a distance can have the Maps and Books forwarded to them by applying by letter to the subscriber at Damascoville Col. Co., O., or to Barnaby & Whinery, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. ENOCH WOOLMAN.

Also, for sale at the above named places, several Cases of Scientific Aparatus, for Common Schools. E. W.

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North side, Main Street, two doors [illegible] the Salem Bookstore.

I. TRESCOTT & CO.---Salem, O.

WHOLESALE Dealers in School, Miscellaneous and Moral Reform Books; Paper, [illegible] and Stationery; Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, and Dyestuffs; Dr. Townsend's [illegible] Sarsaparilla; Fahnestock's, McLane's [illegible] ler's Vermifuge and Pills; and all [illegible] Medicines of the Day.—ALSO, *BOOTS & SHOES* and Shoe Findings, [illegible] Goods and Groceries, &c. &c., [illegible]

Marlboro Union School.

THE Board of Education for this Institution [illegible] the happy to announce to the public that they have secured the service of

ALFRED HOLBROOK, *as Principal,*

whose acquirements and almost [illegible] devotion to the cause of Education [illegible] him a celebrity which renders it useless [illegible] more than announce his name in this connection. The very able Assistants who will take charge of the Primary and Secondary Departments will render the School one which we [illegible] to present for public patronage. Our [illegible] is new, with commodious and convenient [illegible] ments for study and recitation. The [illegible] is furnished with a good set of *Philosophical* and *Chemical Apparatus*. The course of instruction shall be such as to induce an application [illegible] Sciences acquired, to the practical duties [illegible]

Tuition Per Quarter of Eleven Weeks

Elementary English Branches,	$[illegible]
Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry,	[illegible]
Advanced Mathematics, Mental and Moral Science,	[illegible]
French, Latin and Greek Languages,	[illegible]

Lessons in Vocal Music and on the Piano [illegible] be had at a reasonable charge. Board can be had in respectable Families in the Village [illegible] vicinity at $1,00 to $1,25 per week. Persons wishing to board themselves can be accommodated with Rooms. *Books and Stationery can be had in Marlboro.* Any other information in reference to the School, Board, Rooms, &c., can be had by addressing either of the subscribers. ☞ *The Term will commence on Monday the 17th of November, and continue 18 weeks.*

Lewis Morgan,	James L. Lynde,
Amos Walton,	Henry Cook,
Martin Anderson	A. G. Wileman.

Board of Education.

Marlboro, Nov. 1 1851.

More About Quitting.

Mr. Editor: We have taken up the pen ten or a dozen times lately, to write an Advertisement, and as often have we committed the scroll to the fire, under this impression, to wit: That the whole truth was not revealed according to our design.

We have now abandoned the idea of writing anything, but are going to stick to the "*diggings*" awhile yet, with the feeling that the patrons of our old ship will stay with us, as we are determined to please. Our New Engine enables us to do work twice as fast as formerly, consequently we can do off Grists of 10 and 15 bushels while the horses bait, and have lots of room for new customers.

☞ Steam Mill, one-fourth of a mile West of Salem. E. K. SMITH.

August 30th, 1851.